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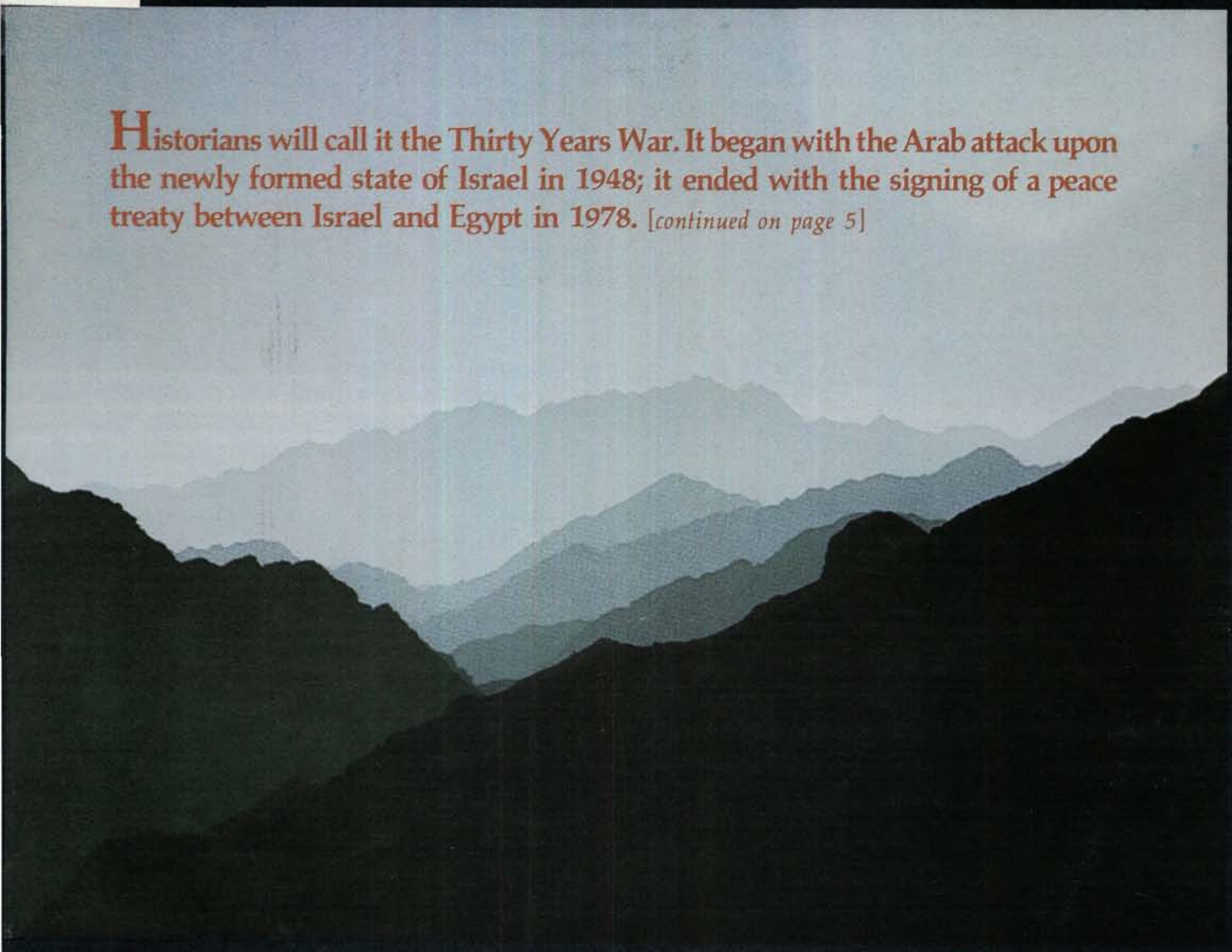
THE NEW REPUBLIC

September 30, 1978 One Dollar



Historians will call it the Thirty Years War. It began with the Arab attack upon the newly formed state of Israel in 1948; it ended with the signing of a peace treaty between Israel and Egypt in 1978. [*continued on page 5*]

Homosexual Fact and Fiction • The Last of P.G. Wodehouse

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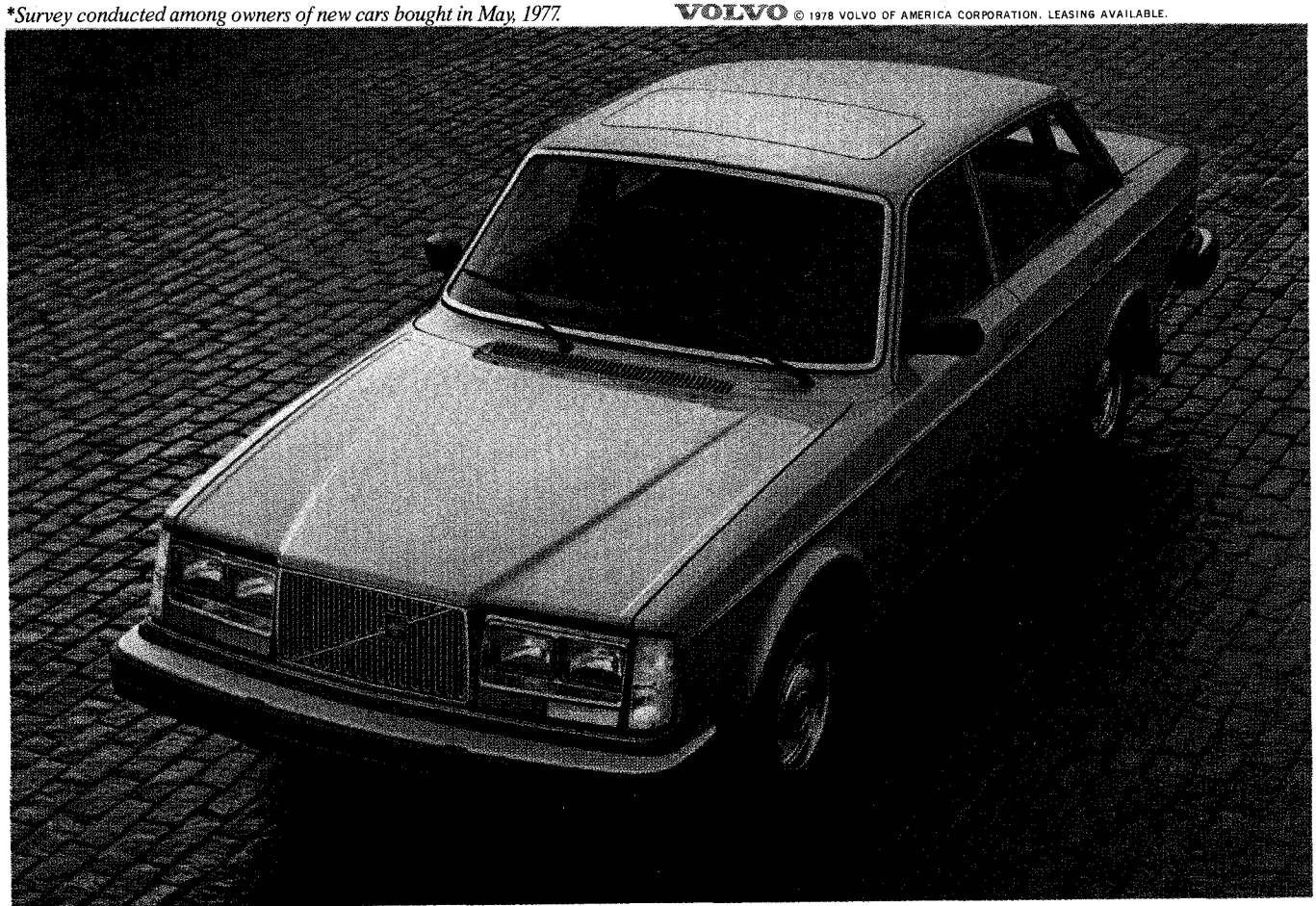

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TRB

from Washington
September 30, 1978

Jimmy Parts the Red Sea

They were just sitting there, Sunday afternoon, having coffee in the Legion Hall press headquarters when ABC's Sam Donaldson burst up the stairs. The Summit was over—the Summit they had blown up and down in hope and gloom for 13 days. There would be a briefing in Washington at 9 pm, Carter at 10:30, with the others. *Others?* they roared. What others? Begin, Sadat, everybody! All hell broke loose. There was a two-way rush to telephones and cars.

Eight miles away at Camp David, Hamilton Jordan caught the president's eye through a window. Carter gave a big, jubilant thumbs up. Just then came the damndest crack of thunder ever heard. Maybe it's legend—I don't know; already it's part-myth. But it was no myth what happened at the parking lot outside the Legion Hall: 100 crazy cars trying to nose out simultaneously through a narrow channel: pelting, pouring rain; gutters wouldn't hold it; everybody soaked to the bone; Dave Garcia of ABC using a fruit box as an umbrella.

So that's when I picked it up. Why was it like Pearl Harbor, December 7, 1941? That was on a Sunday, too. This time the NBC News interrupted with a flash—the Summit's over, Carter on at 10:30. Telephone rings . . . White House calling . . . briefing at 9. Yes, I'll be there.

The floor of the briefing room slopes slightly like a theater, seats 150; it fills up with reporters—exhilarated, excited, electrified. Ice-cold Brzezinski doesn't chew gum; his jaws seem to be reacting as he keeps his cool; he presents the intricate timetable to reporters struggling between cynicism and euphoria. He is clear, precise, incomprehensible. Modalities . . . what are modalities? Jody Powell, only man in the room wearing a vest (let alone coat), says if we leave immediately we can see them arrive by helicopter on the South Lawn.

The lovely White House glows luminously. Grass is thick, springy. Harry Truman's balcony looks down, and the porch where I saw FDR give his fourth inaugural, in January, 1945. (They lifted him around like a potato sack. The bare boughs had snow on them.) Now it is mild, muggy; a moth darts in the lights, the fountain plays at the far end; over behind looms the great flood-lit Monument, ethereal as a dream. Distant planes at the airport sound like subway cars. I try to make notes in the dark. This setting, those stage-scenery trees—it isn't real; anything can happen; is happening. The moon peek-a-boos down. There was a moon, too, at Pearl Harbor; a crescent, and it saw grim senators go in to FDR and come out still grimmer.)

The pop-popping of a helicopter; the huge hulk lands delicately on the lawn, giant blades rotate with another little egg-beater on the tail. "United States of America," it says. The door opens: there they are—Carter, Begin, Sadat; incredible; everything's incredible. A little applause. Moon comes out full. We dash for the press room.

This is prime time, Sunday night, three networks; ABC showing something called "Battlestar Galactica" with ray guns; poof, you're killed. Suddenly they are giving an instant replay of the South Lawn landing we have just witnessed. A miracle, that is, too! Carter starts; always the potential Sunday school teacher, he says "prayers have been answered beyond any expectations." Swarthy Sadat gives testimony next ("let us join in prayer to God Almighty"); tough little Begin follows, ex-terrorist, dedicated, looking more and more like Felix Frankfurter. He praises God; Jewish teachings; "habemus pacem"; the "Jimmy Carter Conference"; Shalom, Shalom. He is in high fettle. They all praise Jimmy. They are all born again. What an unlikely trio for a revival: Arab, Jew, Christian. The first two are so happy they ham it up—look (cheers) they are hugging each other!

Outside on the front lawn as I come away I pause to hear Senators Jackson and Percy giving a floodlit interview after just leaving the East Room. They are nonplussed, prompting, corroborating, babbling. A crowd clings to the iron rails on Pennsylvania Avenue looking in. (A crowd always gathers at the rails at great moments; they were here at Pearl Harbor too—tried to sing "America, the Beautiful." Only that time it was war; this is peace, maybe.)

Next day, 11:30 am, Monday, September 18—Vance gives the briefing. Sadat's foreign minister, Kamel, has resigned. Again there is irrefutable testimony how Carter worked at Camp David, hour by hour, night and day, urging, cajoling, persuading. Punch-drunk reporters begin to get a sense of the thing. Yes, it is real. The Red Sea has parted, Jimmy Carter is leading them through, with a wave of "ifs" on either side. Vance goes 50 minutes. More modalities.

So here I am, finally, in the press gallery for Carter's talk to the joint session of Congress, where this thing must stop. Again the atmosphere is crucial. I have watched many times; this is noisier, more high-spirited—like a birthday party. In the president's gallery, flaxen-haired Amy rotates rapidly to shake out her ringlets. Sadat and Begin enter, with girlish-looking Mrs. Carter between them. The applause rises, and rises; crests in an ovation. The clerk shouts: "Mister Speaker, the President of the United States!" Sixty seconds of applause. He hails Sadat, Begin, more applause, standing; the frame of no other government could create a scene like this. Men's summer suits are tan, beige, light blue; the carpet is figured red and green; an occasional woman's dress . . . the big chamber vibrates; even Carter's anointed delivery can't dull it. He ad libs a bit; uses a teleprompter, addresses four vital audiences simultaneously—Congress, the nation, Sadat and Begin, and the people of the Middle East. He tries to wall in Begin and Sadat with flattery till they can't escape. He is folksy—"the three of us together." He hails Vance (huge applause). And he ends movingly: "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be [called] the children of God." A great moment.

Begin and Sadat love it; they do their act again, they embrace, they hug. . . . I have seen everything.

So now, what do we say about Jimmy Carter? He is the despised kid at school who stepped up to bat and clouted one over the fence, bases loaded. He is so easy to underestimate. Enemies didn't hate him; they patronized him. He is soft-spoken, a poor speaker, almost unctuous; America has never had a president quite like him, perhaps. He will have more ups and downs. He is facing an inflation-recession now and doesn't know the answer, I think. (Nor does anybody else.) The post-Summit agreement may collapse. Those polls may sink again. But how hard he is trying.

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Politics and the Arts, Vol. 179, No. 14, Issue 3325, September 30, 1978. *Note:* Issues from July 8 & 15 through August 19 (3313-3319) were misnumbered. Published weekly (except the issues of July 15, August 12, September 2, December 30) and distributed by The New Republic, Inc., 1220 19th Street, N.W. Washington, DC 20036. Phone (202) 331-7494. Single copy, $1.00; Yearly subscriptions, $24; foreign, $27; students $17.

Send all remittances and correspondence about subscriptions, undelivered copies and changes of address to Subscription Service Department, The New Republic, P.O. Box 58, Whitinsville, MA 01588. Unsolicited manuscripts are welcome, but cannot be considered or returned unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Copyright 1978 by The New Republic, Inc. Item g. Second class postage paid under publication number 382020 at Washington, DC and additional mailing offices. Indexed in Readers' Guide.

Cover: "Mount Sinai in the Distance" by Hilla and Max Jacoby. Reprinted with permission of Thames and Hudson, Inc., from The Land of Israel.

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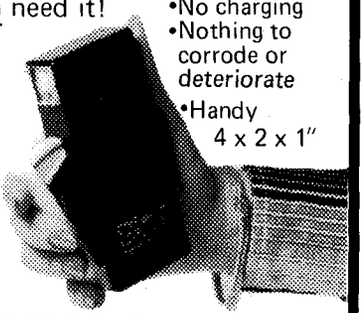

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

September 30, 1978

Blessed Be the Peacemakers

(continued from front cover)

Of course, the treaty may not yet be signed. The Camp David agreements are intricate and fragile; they cannot be fully implemented without the participation of Arab leaders who did not participate in their drafting; they leave much room for ill will, suspicion, and misunderstanding—none of which are rare in the Middle East. The agreements are nevertheless a great triumph. The three men who signed them deserve congratulation and support. President Carter, whose inept and grandiloquent pronouncements once made trouble for both Israelis and Egyptians, has demonstrated a new seriousness and diplomatic skill. He is a veteran after a year and a half. Prime Minister Begin, too, has learned the difference between ideology and statesmanship, accepting compromises incompatible with the nationalism he still espouses, but consistent with the interests and the deepest hopes of the nation he leads. And President Sadat has maintained the dignified commitment to peace, and the willingness to take political risks, that marked his visit to Jerusalem and that set him vividly apart from other Arab rulers and politicians.

Which one of them came out ahead? That question has dominated much of the journalistic discussion of the agreements. Begin and Sadat have been questioned by reporters as if the Summit were a world series and as if diplomacy were a zero-sum game that only one side can win. Each of them has responded predictably, toting up the concessions extracted from the other. No doubt they will have to do more of that sort of thing when they go home. Here, however, it seems worthwhile to stress the genuine balance of the agreements. The balance is complex, a matter of tendency and nuance as much as of explicit provisions. But it is clear that both Begin and Sadat made major concessions for the sake of an accord.

Sadat's chief concession is contained in the phrase "within three months." If all goes according to plan, Israel and Egypt will sign a full peace treaty long before the final status of the West Bank is negotiated and while formal Israeli claims to sovereignty and the right of settlement are still standing. What Sadat gets in return is the whole of the Sinai, most of it almost immediately, the rest (including Israel's three air bases) within three years. Assuming that the Knesset approves the evacuation of Israeli settlers from the Rafiah salient, the withdrawal from the Sinai is without territorial conditions of any sort—though an elaborate structure of demilitarized and limited force zones, electronic surveillance systems and United Nations peace-keeping will be established.

Begin's major concession is contained in the details of the proposed arrangements for the West Bank and Gaza. The area-wide elections, the right of the elected Palestinian representatives to approve or reject any autonomy plan, the redeployment of Israeli troops to "specified security locations," the creation of a local (or local plus Jordanian) police force: all this would constitute the end of the Israeli occupation. And it is hard to see how the occupation could ever be resumed, short of another war. It is also hard to see how Israeli settlement on the West Bank, suspended while the precise character of the "self-governing authority" is being negotiated, could be continued after that without the approval of the new authorities. In effect, Begin has given up "Judea and Samaria" in return for an open-ended acceptance by Egypt of an Israeli military presence on the West Bank. (This presence is likely to look very much like what was envisioned in the Israeli Labor Party's "Allon Plan.")

More than this, Begin has accepted a "framework" within which there is a great deal of room for

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Mike Peters
DAYTON DAILY NEWS 1978
What I did at camp this Summer. by J. Carter
I rode a horsey.
I learned to swim.
I made a book marker for mommy.
And I brought peace to all mankind.
CAMP DAVID

Drawing by Mike Peters

Palestinian politics. Writing in *The Boston Globe*, William Beecher has nicely described the possibilities which Begin himself is unlikely to acknowledge: "The biggest risk Israel would run [lies] in the creation for the first time of an area-wide, popularly elected Palestinian government throughout the West Bank and Gaza. If such a government governed effectively and peacefully for five years, it would be in a position to make a powerful case in world opinion for its full independence. . . ."

Palestinian politics being what they are, however, an effective and peaceful West Bank regime will not emerge without help from the outside. Terrorism and assassination seem a more likely prospect, unless Israel and Jordan are able to cooperate, as the Camp David agreements envisage, to maintain internal order and personal security. Hence the importance of King Hussein, still the missing man in these negotiations. He is important for another reason too: so long as Israel is not dealing directly with the state that controls its eastern approaches, no final settlement on the West Bank is possible. If the framework for autonomy is vague and incomplete, that is a function of geography as much as of politics and ideology. Sadat and Begin can be specific only about the "western front." Precise arrangements in the east wait for the King.

And the King, in all probability, waits for the other King, his Saudi Arabian cousin. The first response from Saudi Arabia has not been encouraging, but it has also not been definitive. These are cautious men; they will weigh carefully the risks and benefits for themselves of an evolutionary politics on the West Bank.

It is a little awkward and sad that a settlement looking toward free elections and political autonomy should depend so heavily on two feudal kings. But that is a problem of the Middle East, not of the Summit accords. Waiting for kings is not a democratic business. Nor, however, would it advance the cause of democracy to turn the West Bank over to the PLO, an organization which still resolves its internal political disagreements with guns and hand grenades. Free government is virtually non-existent in the Arab world today, and the effort to create a stable and democratic Palestinian "entity" alongside of Israel is precarious and difficult at best. It should be understandable that Israelis are unwilling to stake their lives on the success of this effort, and that Egyptians are just as unwilling to wait for its success before making a separate peace of their own.

As we have argued before in these pages, peace in the Middle East cannot begin with Israelis and Palestinians or for that matter with Jews and Arabs. It must begin with the existing states and their governments. Only those political leaders who have the power to make war can guarantee that war will not be made. Only they can open the way for the mutual accommodation of different nations. Peace among states has been long in coming. A treaty between Israel and Egypt would mark its decisive arrival.

Constitutional Rights for DC

Senator William Roth of Delaware, the nation's fourth smallest state, believes that the District of Columbia should be entitled to a congressman, perhaps, but not two senators. "I would not support representation in the Senate," he says, "because Senators represent sovereign states, and DC is not a state." Such distinctions are comforting to small-state senators like Roth, whose state was admitted to the union in 1787 and whose constituency has 200,000 fewer people in it than the District of Columbia. While Delaware's delegation includes two senators and a congressman, the nation's capital is represented by one nonvoting delegate in the House of Representatives. Ten states have smaller populations than the District. Eleven of the 20 senators from these states voted against a constitutional amendment to give the District

(continued on page 10)

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Correspondence

Jarring caricature

To the editors:

Over the last year or so I have been disturbed by the increasingly shrill tone of your editorials on the Middle East, slightly jarring in a journal long revered as a showcase of reasoned intellectual discourse and debate. As the decibel level has risen, and the intellectual level has failed to keep pace, it has seemed to me that the Israeli cause—rapidly emerging as the centerpiece of your editorial policy—was being less and less well served.

However, I was quite unprepared for your issue of August 26/September 2. It was not your editorial which bothered me. What I found appalling was Mendel Moynihan's cruelly misshapen caricature of Anwar Sadat. Given the fact that Sadat is himself a Semite, I suppose it would be presumptuous to term such a drawing racist; nevertheless, it comes perilously close. I am unaccustomed to such bad taste in *The New Republic*, where the battles, while sharp, usually were fought cleanly. I understand that the Israeli cause is a deeply moral one. You have soiled it badly.

Stephen Cornell
Chicago, Illinois

Down with controls

To the editors:

Michael Kinsley ("Alms for the Rich," *TNR*, August 19) misses the point in his criticism of the new conservative economics in general and the "Laffer curve" in particular. The important notion is not that some temporary increase in governmental revenues might result from tax reduction. What is important is that more money is left in the hands of the people so that the direction society takes is determined by their spending choices and not by governmental decree.

We the people have made our will clear. We the people are sick and tired of ham-handed governmental interference—at the federal, state and local levels—with our freedom of choice. We the people have compelled the "all knowing" bureaucrats to bow to our will on issues ranging from Proposition 13 to "right turn on red."

As important as tax relief for the producers of our country is, it is the last named victory of the people that has touched more lives of our individual citizens than any other. "Right turn on red" has shown the so-called little people that government is their servant and not their master. The price of freedom, however, is eternal vigilance. The next step in establishing the primacy of freedom of choice over statist-bureaucratic fiat as the controlling principle in our society is obvious: STRAIGHT AHEAD ON RED.

An idea whose time has come!

Lawrence G. Schutte
Alexandria, Virginia

The New *Old* Misogynism

To the editors:

I must thank Irving Howe for his brilliant and honest critique of the New Right ("The Menace of the New Right," *TNR*, Sept. 9), but I must also take him to task. In emphasizing conservative ideologues and corporate strategies, he draws attention away from grass-roots issues of the New Right. In a lengthy article on conservative visions he mentions anti-feminism only once, in mid-paragraph, and then only to illustrate "how odd it seems" that anti-statist conservatives should want to curtail personal liberties. This is inadequate, to say the least, for dealing with the immense energies of the anti-ERA, anti-choice, anti-homosexual, anti-"immoral," anti-feminist movements. A definition of the *New* Right should in fact start with its reassertion of patriarchalism. It is a common misunderstanding to see anti-feminism as merely an offshoot of anti-communism or corporate capitalism, though of course it defends the same system. There is no reason to believe that the struggle for equality between women and men will be any easier to win, or is at present being any less actively resisted, than the struggle for equality of opportunity and income. Think about the value system the New Right is trying to preserve from government or leftist encroachment; drop the idea that nothing has happened since the late Sixties in American radicalism; recognize anti-feminism as opposed not only to a vital women's movement but to historical changes in the position of women. All this should make clear the centrality of anti-feminism to the New Right.

Mary Lowenthal Felstiner
Associate Professor
San Francisco State University

Judea and Samaria

To the editors:

I think it is time journalists stopped using language that needlessly undermines the legitimacy of Israel's claim to certain territories west of the Jordan River. Phrases suggesting it is only Menachem Begin who calls them Judea and Samaria, while everyone else since the Roman conquest calls them "the West Bank," are unscholarly, unsupportable, and misleading ("The Essentials of Peace," *TNR*, Aug. 26 & Sept. 2). You have not done your homework.

A study of the maps published *at the time* will not reveal that anyone used the designation "West Bank" before King Abdullah conquered the area in 1948, expelled the Jews to make it *Judenrein*, and incorporated it into his realm of Jordan. That incorporation, incidentally, gained juridicial recognition from none of the family of nations—not even the Arab nations—except for Pakistan and Abdullah's patron, Britain. The "West Bank" as a geographical entity existed, therefore, only for 19 years, until the Jews returned in 1967.

Judea and Samaria, on the other hand, although they played no administrative or political role in the Turkish occupation or the British Mandate, were widely acknowledged as real places by the cartographers of the West until 1948. I am not speaking only of such masters as Johann Grieninger (1525) or Abraham Ortelius (1584), who might perhaps be accused of archaizing or Biblicizing. Karl Baedeker's *Palestine and Syria* was in its fifth edition in 1912 when it was published simultaneously in Leipzig, London, and New York. Baedeker does not slight the Arabic names: he even

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prints "El Kuds" in larger type than David's name for his city. But, Judea and Samaria were unmistakably real places to him. On his maps of "The Highland of Judea," "Southern Palestine," and "Northern Palestine" you may observe the force of his labels.

One expects the memories of historians, scholars, and Jews to extend into the past for more than just 11 years. Is it too much to ask the same of journalists?

J. Joel Farber
Professor and Chairman of Classics
Franklin and Marshall College
Lancaster, Pennsylvania

Licking back

To the editors:

"Licking the Postal Workers" (*TNR*, Sept. 9) is yet a further indication of *TNR*'s unjust position towards the working class. For you to suggest that "the American people in the past have been very generous to their mailmen, and this in itself has been a cause of inflation" is at best a bad joke. The private business sector each year is given its raises and big business has no qualms about passing higher costs on to the consumer. Which in the case of postal workers who live in metropolitan areas where taxes, higher rent, food and clothing prices continue to climb makes it a balancing act to live on "the generous" salary of the American people.

Working for the Postal Service is a thankless job for the worker. If you would like to tackle a more worthwhile editorial in the future—try taking on management—that is where the administration could keep inflation down.

Melodie J. White
Concord, California

Settlement trade-offs

To the editors:

In "Smith Takes a Bishop" (*TNR*, Aug. 26) Morton Kondracke argues that the United States should continue to oppose the Internal Settlement in Rhodesia because Ian Smith cannot be trusted and we also risk civil war without the inclusion of Joshua Nkomo and Robert Mugabe in the government.

But if Smith refuses to allow democratic elections or the elevation of a black successor, then clearly the Internal Settlement would lose all international support, including that now coming from Captol Hill. By demanding that Nkomo and Mugabe be satisfied with the settlement, we curiously give a veto to parties whose loyalty to any democratic multi-racial settlement is most suspect. More broadly, in an Africa where little semblance of democracy exists anywhere and liberation has usually meant white exodus and tribal persecution, Rhodesia offers a careful formula for the development of a prosperous, multi-racial society. Arbitrarily rejecting the Internal Settlement demonstrates to both Namibians and South Africans the futility of even attempting to accommodate Western demands for majority rule; the demands only escalate to elude reasonable resolution.

Also we need only look to Angola for the loathsome lessons of recent history: the failure of the US to support black nationalists there striving for majority rule government has led to a continuing civil war in which Soviet arms and Cuban mercenaries continue to ravage the countryside. Both peace between Angola and Zaire, and SWAPO's acceptance of the Namibian independence plan, rest more on Neto's drive to exterminate nationalists' opposition to his dictatorship than allowing everyone in Angola to participate in the government.

Western demands for including Marxists in governments will only promote the demise of the growth of genuine democratic and integrated societies in southern Africa. This lesson sent to Pretoria by Western intransigence in Rhodesia may be the most devastating aspect of the present policy.

Jeffrey B. Gayner
Director of Foreign Policy Studies
The Heritage Foundation

Parting shots

To the editors:

Given the fact that the editors of *The New Republic* appear to be cognizant of the drive by the so-called "New Right" to eradicate the gains made by supporters of the gay and women's liberation movements during the 1960s and early 1970s in such concrete areas as the enactment of social legislation reducing sexual discrimination and in more nebulous areas such as heightening the awareness of the public in regard to the problems generated by sexism, I was deeply disturbed to see Henry Fairlie taking up the time-honored tactic of fag-baiting (joining the ranks of the cultural philistines Norman Podhoretz and Hilton Kramer) in the pages of *The New Republic*.

Mr. Fairlie seems to equate homosexuality with monosexuality or onanism—it is neither. His equating of true or authentic masculinity to procreation sounds mysteriously like Mussolini's statement that a man is not a man until he is "husband and father." As to the charge that the majority of feminists and gays are "fleeing the war of the sexes . . .," they are indeed, for it is the clearly intended goal of these movements to eliminate the useless hatred between the sexes, which has kept us all for so long from realizing the full possibilities of our humanness.

Steven Strom
Houston, Texas

To the editors:

"Women are more grave—for one thing they grow old more painfully . . . valuing reality more. . . ." Thus Henry Fairlie, in his article "The Real Life Of Women" (*TNR*, Aug. 26 & Sept. 2) praises what he calls, in part, woman's fascination for men. Further, Mr. Fairlie, indeed, does not "understand the objection to the term spinster" since, as he says, he associates the term with those whom he remembers as being "among the fullest people" he's known, i.e., those aunts and schoolteachers of his boyhood who brought a "wholly womanly presence" into his life. He objects strenuously, on the other hand, to the "New York woman of a peculiar breed," i.e., "a 42-year-old TV correspondent, a writer, a 42-year-old book editor, a 37-year-old top executive, a 50-year old book editor" . . . women who, it would seem, are *not* growing old painfully, but with spark and verve and attractiveness, full of wit, purpose and a certain *joie de vivre* . . . shall we say?

I, for one, am truly tired of having my womanliness defined and constantly redefined . . .

Helen Duberstein, poet
New York City

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representation equal to that of the states in both houses of Congress. If these men were legal residents of the District, where many senators live, their opinions would be completely irrelevant, because they could be neither senators nor voters.

Self-righteousness, specious arguments and thinly-veiled racism have been the main features of the opposition to the amendment. On August 22, the day of the Senate vote, Senator John Stennis of Mississippi took the floor to portray himself as a District resident who does not feel the need to remedy his current lack of representation in the body that makes our laws. "I have lived in this city virtually every day of the year for a good number of years, and I have no complaint about it, myself," said Stennis, who is a registered voter of DeKalb, Mississippi. "I have a complaint about restructuring our system of government here merely for the fact of extending the franchise a little further to these District of Columbia people." These District of Columbia people, as most everyone knows, are predominantly black, and some opponents to the amendment have been honest enough to base their objections on that. They suggest that the amendment would create, in effect, two black seats in the US Senate, and they're probably right. But what of it? On this reasoning, should we also now deny two senators to Vermont, because there are 442,553 whites now living there and only 761 blacks? To do so would be equally racist and absurd, even though there's little chance of a black senator being elected from Vermont.

The opponents of the amendment, Roth included, have raised several legitimate objections to its language and effect. Their arguments deserve to be considered by the state legislatures, weighed against the inequities of taxation without representation, and rejected. They say it will open the door to "ethnic" Senate seats in states like Texas, where the highly concentrated Chicano population could break off and form its own state. They say it will diminish the meaning of the United "States" concept, which limits chairs in the Senate and stars on the flag to officially admitted states. They say that if the District of Columbia gets two senators, then so should Puerto Rico. They say, in the words of John Stennis, that if "we open the door one time . . . we shall have to open it again."

In theory, disgruntled states or parts of states could increase their representation in the Senate by splitting up and creating new states. This merely points up the anomalous structure of the Senate, in which representation is not proportional to population. It is no reason to deny representation to a group of people larger than some who have two senators already. The Senate does indeed serve as a symbolic communion of the states, but this symbolic function is somewhat less important than its practical function as a body that passes laws we all must live by, including those of us who live in the District. Puerto Ricans have held a referendum on statehood, and voted against it; citizens of the District of Columbia have been given no such choice.

All of the specific anti-amendment arguments are buttressed by a more general one, that the amendment is somehow "unconstitutional" and inconsistent with the intent of the framers of the Constitution. But of course it is the nature of an amendment to be "unconstitutional" in this sense. This is hardly a sensible argument against it. A constitutional amendment that did not conflict with the Constitution as it stood at the time would be superfluous. (This very charge is often made against the Equal Rights Amendment.) The amendment process is an attempt to make a document written almost 200 years ago—and one that has served remarkably well in almost all respects—consistent with contemporary needs. In 1785, 18-year-olds were not being drafted into war. In 1971 they were, and the Constitution was amended to give them rights to match their responsibilities. As the federal bureaucracy has grown, so has Washington. Could the framers of the Constitution ever have imagined a capital city that was larger than 10 states? If we generate this growth we must also deal with its effects.

The state legislatures, then, are faced not with a constitutional question but with a legislative one. The decisions of the individual states should be based, simply, on whether the residents of the District of Columbia are entitled to the same rights as residents of other states. Here are some facts they should consider: the District's population, according to the 1970 census, exceeds that of 10 other states; residents pay more taxes than 11 other states (more than one billion dollars a year) to the federal government; and more District residents died in the Vietnam war than those of 10 states.

Some have suggested that instead of this amendment, the District should be reabsorbed into Maryland, or else made a full-fledged state in its own right. Besides the fact that nobody in Maryland has expressed any enthusiasm for adopting the District, there are good reasons why the nation's capital should not be in any state. The states are sovereign entities; the federal government has only the power that the states have ceded to it. It's reassuring that the federal institutions are not under the ultimate sovereign authority of any state. In the District of Columbia the federal government is sovereign. It has allotted limited self-government to the District's citizens, but it retains ultimate sovereignty and as a practical matter exercises close review over the District government's activities. This makes it especially unfair to citizens of the District that they have no voice in the federal legislatures.

The DC amendment slipped through the Senate by a 67-32 vote (a constitutional amendment requires a two-thirds majority). Several Republican senators provided the victory margin, motivated by the possible political returns. Bill Brock, the Republican National

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Committee chairman, is convinced that his party's future lies with urban blacks, as candidates and voters, and the chance to enfranchise the predominantly black District population was too tempting to ignore. Such bold political schemes, though perhaps ill-advised, are not necessarily dishonest. But it's doubtful that many of the southern senators who supported the amendment, hoping for political benefits with black voters in their home states, will now lobby for it in hostile state legislatures. This is a sad reflection on the institution that many senators hold too sacred to expand.

Most political prophets expect the amendment to die in the state legislatures. Thirty-eight of them must endorse the amendment to make it part of the Constitution. Meanwhile, the nation's state legislatures are rushing to invoke a never-before-used constitutional provision that authorizes the calling of a constitutional convention by resolution of two-thirds of the states. Presumably this convention would concentrate on amendments to outlaw income taxes and abortions and other contemporary problems that seem to bother people a lot more than inequality. The District of Columbia amendment is an equal rights amendment, designed to give 700,000 people the right to vote. Its defeat would be more than just a symbol of the nation's conservative swing; it would be an outright denial of rights—constitutional rights—and of the principles on which the Constitution was written.

On the Other Hand

Give Somoza a Push

"When we saw Jimmy Carter's letter to Somoza, praising him, we decided that the hour to strike had arrived." That was the simple explanation offered by "Commander Zero," the Nicaraguan guerrilla leader who, with two dozen comrades, seized the Nicaraguan national palace last month and held 2000 people hostage until all their demands were met. That explanation spotlights the increasingly incomprehensible alliance, now more visible than ever, between a US president who preaches human rights and a brutal dictator who has secured his family's power with intimidation, assassination and bloody repression.

Within days after the US presidential election in 1976, there was a clear mood of anticipation, even optimism, in the air in Nicaragua. A new American president, a new undersecretary of state for inter-American affairs, a new ambassador to Nicaragua—these developments stirred the hopes of the moderate opposition as nothing had in recent years. But those hopes have been dashed by Carter's amazing defense of Somoza, and moderates in Nicaragua appear to be losing credibility just as quickly as the Sandinista guerrillas are gaining it for doing what the moderates have never been able to do: shake the foundations of the Somoza regime.

Because it was the US that installed the Somoza dynasty in the 1930s and because we have backed it so solidly since then, Nicaraguans place a special responsibility on this country to help them out of the intensifying bloodbath now engulfing their steamy Central American republic. This is why *TNR*'s recent call to inaction (Sept. 16) is unfortunate. The support Nicaraguans had hoped to get from President Carter has not come. In fact his administration's backing of Somoza actually has strengthened recently. In the last six months alone, nearly $50 million has been approved for various forms of aid to Somoza. This is despite the fact that Somoza himself has a history of looting foreign aid programs almost as systematically as he does local enterprises. After scandals involving misuse of relief funds sent to Nicaragua after the 1972 earthquake, the US is virtually the only nation that still provides regular aid to Somoza.

If Somoza manages to stay in power despite the intense pressure on him to resign—pressure his father and older brother both felt and resisted—anti-US feeling will intensify throughout Latin America, where Nicaragua has replaced Chile as a crucible of freedom and a test of US intentions. If Somoza is ousted by guerrillas, the Nicaraguan people may be so disgusted by our role in propping up Somoza that they will turn decisively against us. The only hope for moderate, democratic transition is for a coalition of parties and leaders to win control of the government and lead Nicaragua into the modern world. By his inaction, Carter would seem to be doing all he can to prevent this last alternative. He has not even recalled our ambassador in protest against the random mass murder of young men by Somoza's national guard, vividly reported in *The Washington Post*. Nor has he sent Somoza's ambassador home. These two acts would be seen as gestures of solidarity with Somoza's enemies, and might hasten his end. This is reason enough to find them superior to inaction.

Stephen Kinzer

Stephen Kinzer writes often for *TNR*.

America's business is to save the world.

Cheers for Us

The Camp David summit is as authentic an American innovation in diplomacy as the open classroom was in education and the encounter group was in psychotherapy. In that non-structured, free-form, open-

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ended peace conference in the woods, informality and isolation played a therapeutic role. Chance meetings on the bicycle path, games of chess and billiards added the flavor of a summer resort. No wrangling was necessary over the shape of the table or the seating arrangement, no fuss over procedure and protocol. There was nothing as repressive as a fixed agenda or a meeting schedule. The Catoctin mountains offered shuttle diplomacy without the roar of jet engines and theatrical poses on the tarmac for the news media, and personal diplomacy with the feel of a neighborly get-together.

The 13 days in the Maryland wilderness mark the finest hour of the peacemaking that the United States has conducted in the Old World for most of this century, for more than two generations. In sponsoring an Egypt-Israel peace treaty, Jimmy Carter has found more than the moral equivalent of John Kennedy's standing up to the Russians in the Cuban missile crisis. He has outdone Harry Truman by applying doses of a Marshall Plan and NATO-type commitments to the reconciliation of mortal enemies. For the moment, at least, he has achieved evenhandedness—once the impossible dream of Middle East experts, and the fond hope of his presidential predecessors.

Jimmy Carter's faith—or was it innocence?—was vindicated. For once, he triumphed over the weary wisdom of Washington sophisticates. They had thought the summit idea ill-timed, harebrained and reckless—personal diplomacy at its worst, a three-ego summit, Carter's desperate ploy for reelection.

The spirit of Camp David recalls the unsinkable optimism of an earlier America which believed in a happy end as its birthright. It was a younger America, a stranger to the defeats and self-doubt of middle age, the homeland of Humphrey Bogart's *African Queen* and Rick's cafe. It's the America we used to know before the body counts of Southeast Asia; the golden land the Old World used to be able to rely on for a largesse of the spirit and an extension of credit, for daring innovations and dramatic rescue missions.

Carter, an activist in nostalgia, was a driven man at Camp David. The two antagonists succumbed to his stampede of hospitality and generosity, his siege of goodwill and ingenuity, his explosions of the old Eisenhower grin and relentlessly easygoing manners—and the threat of losing all in case of a deadlock.

If the Camp David Framework for Middle East Peace changes Middle East history, it can affect more in America itself than Carter's self-confidence or popularity curve: a domestic reconsideration of post-Vietnam cynicism might be in order, a restoration of faith in an American mission abroad could follow. The foreigner's point of view may make an impact: America, rather than the UN or any national or international forum, is the world court of last appeal. Here is a citizenry sensitive, meddlesome, charitable and self-righteous enough to be concerned, to take political risks, to care.

The agreements in Camp David give heart to people who believe that America's business in the world is to help save it. And if the world has to be saved, is there anyone else who could do a better job?

Charles Fenyvesi

Charles Fenyvesi is a Washington writer.

Ambiguities in the Camp David documents.

Fuzzy Frameworks

The most serious danger contained in the Camp David "Framework for Peace in the Middle East" is that this document could lend itself to conflicting future interpretations by Israel and Egypt—to say nothing of Jordan, Saudi Arabia and other Arab countries. If this occurs, lasting and stable peace in the Middle East will remain elusive.

Inevitably, Prime Minister Begin and President Sadat (as well as President Carter) had to accept this danger in order to be able to iron out a peace framework at all. They were clearly aware of the risks posed by the ambiguities they had deliberately written into the West Bank and Gaza section of the "Framework."

An analysis of the Camp David documents, the 13-day history of the negotiations and subsequent public and private comments by the principals makes it evident that the future risks implicit in these ambiguities and the equally deliberate omissions on several crucial points were the price paid for Camp David turning into the breakthrough it appears to be.

Even now the omission of references to new Israeli settlements on the West Bank is creating interpretation problems among the parties to the "Framework." Israel has indicated after the summit that it will stop building new settlements only for the next three months: the United States and Egypt insist that none should be built during the five-year "transitional" period of the West Bank-Gaza agreement. (The problem of established West Bank Israeli settlements did not come up at Camp David.)

One reason for the decision by Jordan and Saudi Arabia to disassociate themselves from the summit texts is the texts' unclear formulation of such fundamental issues as the "final status" of the West Bank and Gaza. Without Jordanian participation in the next phases of the negotiations, there can be no ultimate settlement; and Saudi assent is politically vital. To

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persuade Jordan and Saudi Arabia to live with the Camp David ambiguities and to make peace possible in the long run is a formidable challenge for Secretary of State Vance, the unsung architect of the "Framework" agreement. Vance rushed to the Middle East within 48

Menachem Begin by András Goldinger

hours of the White House signing ceremony.

The diplomatic technique employed at Camp David was designed to obscure from public view the obvious disagreements between Egypt and Israel on a series of essential issues ranging from "final status" to the fate of East Jerusalem and the West Bank Jewish settlements.

But to say this is not a criticism of President Carter's superb mediatory efforts or of the integrity of the Egyptian and Israeli leaders. It is simply a recognition of the long-range realities built into the Camp David compromise. And it is confirmed by the fact that, for this reason, negotiations were on the verge of collapse on at least three occasions.

To be sure, the annals of diplomacy abound in examples of studied ambiguities designed to bridge differences, to defuse tensions and to allow time and the negotiating process, once set in motion, to bring about permanent solutions. This is precisely what was done in the Maryland mountains to provide a solid foundation for the Middle East diplomatic process that Sadat and Begin launched with their spectacular exchange of visits late last year, but were unable to keep alive without President Carter's decision in the summer to become an active partner in the talks.

One must assume, of course, that both Sadat and Begin fully understood the meaning of every word in the documents they signed in President Carter's presence on September 17. They had fought hard over concepts, the wording of different provisions and even single words in the texts. Begin had waged a successful battle over Egyptian efforts, sometimes supported by the Americans, to pin Israel down to specific commitments and interpretations in the West Bank and Gaza "Framework" which he felt were unacceptable.

Looking down the road, however, the dangers lie in uncertainty about how the "Framework" may be interpreted by successors of Sadat and Begin during the five-year "transitional" period and afterward. There certainly is no guarantee that an agreement will be reached among Egypt, Israel, Jordan and "the representatives of the Palestinian people" by late 1983 on the "final status of the West Bank and Gaza and other outstanding issues," as provided in this document.

Mr. Begin is aging and in ill health; there is no telling how long he will serve as prime minister. Nobody can be sure how long Sadat will retain the Egyptian presidency. And there may be questions about a second term for President Carter. In short, new leaders, for any number of unforeseeable reasons, may well conclude that to *them* the "Framework" means something other than what it does to the original signers.

Unquestionably, the key issue is the "final status" of the West Bank and Gaza. The "Framework" establishes it as the central objective of the forthcoming negotiations and, in effect, as a precondition to an Israeli-Arab peace treaty at the end of the "transitional" period.

Purposely, however, the Camp David document suggests no "final status" options, leaving them to the parties concerned. Any attempt to spell out options would have scuttled the Carter mediation. This is where differing interpretations, applying now and afterward, become relevant for the negotiating process.

Egypt takes the view that the West Bank and Gaza must be returned to Arab sovereignty after the five-year transition during which the two areas would enjoy "autonomy" in local self-government, but with a limited Israeli military presence. Sadat believes that his position is reinforced by the statement in the Camp David text that "the negotiations shall be based on all the provisions and principles of the UN Security Council Resolution 242." The famous resolution provides that Israel would withdraw "from territories" occupied in the 1967 war in exchange for a lasting peace with the Arabs, although it deliberately avoids stating that the Israelis must give up *all* the captured lands. The question is which territories Israel must surrender.

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Under the separate "Framework for the Conclusion of a Peace Treaty Between Egypt and Israel," Mr. Begin has agreed to "the full exercise of Egyptian sovereignty" in the Sinai, but he has no intention of abandoning sovereignty in the West Bank, let alone in East Jerusalem. About Gaza, his thoughts are unclear.

After the summit, Begin said that while Israel claims sovereignty over the West Bank—he still insists on describing the area in the biblical terms of "Judea and Samaria"—the most significant aspect of the Camp David deal was that the question of ultimate sovereignty over the West Bank and Gaza remains open. In truth, this was a necessary concession to the Egyptians. But since the "Framework" text avoids this kind of formulation, Begin or some successor would be free to decide later that the sovereignty claim is not negotiable at all. This, of course, is what worries Jordan's King Hussein.

Israel is unalterably opposed to an independent Palestinian "homeland" on the West Bank, and Egypt and Jordan do not advocate it either. The only possible solutions, then, would appear to be either the West Bank's return to Jordan or a federated arrangement after the five-year transition.

Begin is known to think that if no agreement of any kind is reached after five years, the only other alternative would be to maintain indefinitely the "interim" status quo on the West Bank. But he has also conveyed his conviction that in the coming five years new political realities could emerge on the West Bank under the autonomy status and provide solutions that nobody can anticipate at this stage. Thoughtful diplomats are impressed by this Begin approach: indeed, it could be the long-range mechanism for change in the West Bank. This is the concept of letting time work for peace.

Ambiguities in the summit texts will make the coming negotiations difficult. For example, the negotiations must deal with the "resolution of the Palestinian problem in all its aspects." Likewise the parties are to resolve "other outstanding issues" concerning the West Bank and Gaza along with the "final status." But the "Framework" does not supply a laundry list of "all . . . aspects" of the Palestinian problem and the "other outstanding issues" in the West Bank/Gaza situation. It would have been imprudent, of course, to anticipate such negotiating agenda points. The Camp David agreement, after all, is basically only a *framework* and not a diplomatic road map. But, just as inevitably, these imprecisions raise dangers of widely contrasting interpretations in the months and years to come.

Another provision states that in the West Bank and Gaza, "a withdrawal of Israeli armed forces will take place and there will be a redeployment of the remaining Israeli forces into specified security locations." Again, the scope of the withdrawal is not defined in the "Framework" (in contrast to the outlines of the Sinai document, which precisely describes military deployment by Egyptian and Israeli forces and the United Nations peace-keeping contingents) and there is no indication of what will constitute the "security locations" for the residual Israeli military forces. This, too, will have to be interpreted in some fashion at some point although American officials believe that Israel is prepared to reduce its forces in the West Bank and Gaza from 11,000 to 6000 troops.

Jimmy Carter by András Goldinger

The "Framework" states that there should be an agreement on the return of "persons" displaced from the West Bank and Gaza in the 1967 war. It ostentatiously omits any mention of Palestinian refugees who left Israel after the 1948 war of independence. The Arabs may try to raise this point later under the rubric of the "Palestinian problem in all its aspects." However, Israel is not obligated to accept this interpretation, and it could lead to a major diplomatic problem. If the refugees reemerge as an issue, it is likely that the separate political issue of the 700,000 Jewish refugees who fled Arab countries and came to Israel will reemerge as well.

On balance, Camp David could not have produced more than it did. This is fully understood by all

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concerned. But it is also clearly understood that the September negotiation has set up a diplomatic minefield through which the Arabs and the Israelis must proceed with utmost care.

Tad Szulc

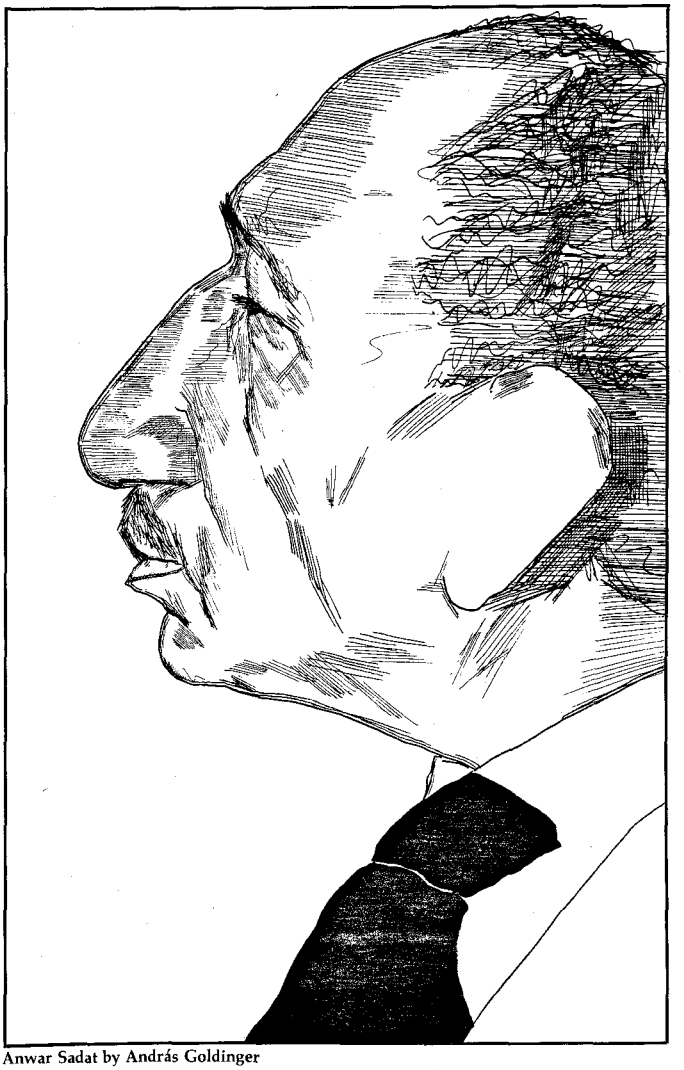
White House Watch

Carter's Summit

This account of the Camp David summit as Jimmy Carter and his people preferred to remember and depict it is written four days after the President came down from the mountain retreat where he, Anwar Sadat and Menachem Begin were immured from Tuesday, September 5, through Sunday, September 17. The initial show of triumph is seeming to fade, but has not yet faded, into something between success and disaster, and for that waning of the glow the President must chiefly blame himself. Not entirely but to a considerable extent, the sense of letdown so soon after the end of the summit is due more to the contrast between the show that he put on and the reality behind it than to any flaw or falsity in the two "frameworks" for overall peace in the Middle East and for peace between Israel and Egypt that emerged from the conference. And it is due, too, to the general astonishment that anything for which much of anything could be claimed came out of the business.

At the White House after Sadat and Begin had signed and Carter had witnessed the framework agreements, Senator Henry Jackson said to a reporter who had annoyed him with a picky question about the future of Jerusalem, "Never in your wildest dreams could you have expected what we have been told here tonight." It was true. It was also true that the display then and the next night aroused expectations that could not be met and were not met. Yet everyone who shared the occasion, at the White House and the Capitol in person and over worldwide television, should be grateful for the hope and excitement it all generated: the helicopter with Carter, Sadat and Begin aboard dropping from moonlit clouds onto the floodlit White House lawn; Carter embracing Sadat and Begin and Sadat and Begin embracing each other after the signing; the President at the close of his exuberant report to Congress looking up at the Moslem and the Jew sitting with Rosalynn Carter in the gallery and saying, "And I would like to say as a Christian, to these two friends of mine, the words of Jesus, 'Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be the children of God.'"

The emphasis in the Carter story as it was told by the briefers who spoke for him was naturally on his performance at Camp David. He did some of his own bragging but left that chore mostly to spokesmen who included Secretary of State Cyrus Vance, national security assistant Zbigniew Brzezinski and White House staff chief Hamilton Jordan plus Press Secretary Jody Powell and several mid-level officials. Their story was of a tireless President, frustrated at times and by



Anwar Sadat by András Goldinger

the second Thursday on the mountain close to giving up. Always, though, he bounced back and pounded relentlessly at Begin and Sadat and their subordinates. From the start, the story went, his message was that they simply must not let their countries and the world and him down by refusing to put together at least "a framework for peace," a "recommitment to continue subsequent negotiations." That was all he asked when he invited Sadat and Begin to join him at Camp David and it was all he got, if indeed he got that much. The early and conveyed impression that he got a lot more, after the official American insistence up to the last hour of the last day that nothing whatever might come of the exercise, could have suggested that the whole thing was contrived and exaggerated to the point of fakery. Why else, it could be argued, would the portrait of a

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President laboring around the clock have been supported with such an intimate detail as Rosalynn Carter getting up at 4:30 in the morning and awakening her husband with the result that he woke Brzezinski by telephone and ordered him to bring a summit document immediately? Unhappily for cynics, Begin and Sadat testified that Carter behaved exactly as his spokesmen said he did. Begin said at the Sunday night signing ceremony that it was "the Jimmy Carter conference." At a press conference with some 20 invited reporters and commentators, Sadat confirmed reports that he threatened to abandon the conference the Friday before the final Sunday and was asked what persuaded him to stay. He bellowed his answer: "One man! One man! A man of morale *(sic)*, of principle, of patience, of perseverance, that you should be proud of—President Carter, the President of the United States of America!"

A very senior briefer said that after several days of exploratory discussion with Begin and Sadat, together and individually, and among his and their subordinates, Carter narrowed the American negotiating team to himself and Cyrus Vance and persuaded Sadat and Begin to do the same, each designating one and only one counselor to accompany them to their separate sessions with Carter and Vance. The results of these discussions were passed to larger teams for analysis and drafting. But the basic work and argument that finally produced the two "frameworks" were confined to the three principals and their designated assistants. This version excluded Brzezinski from the gut discussions. Carter's praise of Vance and failure to mention Brzezinski during the report to Congress seemed to validate the impression that Brzezinski was on the second team at Camp David. The explanation given on his behalf was that he didn't feel and was not in fact downgraded; he was no Kissinger, he was properly the adviser and Vance was properly the negotiator and only petty souls would think the difference interesting or significant. In the aftermath, however, it was noticed that White House photographs and White House anecdotes put Brzezinski at top and center. He had spoken up for risking the summit before Carter convened it and when nobody could know how it would turn out. He had discovered among some of Begin's associates, particularly Foreign Minister Moshe Dayan and Defense Minister Ezer Weizman, what he and other Americans considered to be a more reasonable approach to the critical issues than Begin evinced. And, according to at least one of the memoranda for the record that Carter dictated and signed, Brzezinski participated in the critical and decisive discussions that occurred during the final Saturday night and Sunday.

It was then by all accounts that the summit nearly foundered and was saved by a sequence of demands, concessions, arguments and decisions that has yet to be fully explained and in some respects is puzzling. The most critical issue in this sequence had to do with two of the territories seized by Israel during the 1967 war, the West Bank of the Jordan River and the Gaza Strip. The puzzling thing is how Carter and his American advisers, Vance and Brzezinski and Hamilton Jordan included, could in the light of the American accounts have thought the issue was resolved in the final hours of the closing Sunday session.

The issue was whether and to what extent Begin had committed his government to forgoing any new Israeli settlements on the West Bank. Begin and Carter agreed in their subsequent statements that Israel was committed to establish no more settlements during a limited period of negotiation. Begin said it was to be during the three months, or two if he and Sadat could manage it, stipulated for negotiation of a peace treaty between Israel and Egypt. Carter said it was during the period, length unstated but presumed to be about three months, during which the Israeli military government of the West Bank and Gaza would be replaced by a new, autonomous authority of elected, resident Palestinians. That difference was interesting but minor. The important difference, the difference that in the early aftermath seemed capable of wrecking both "frameworks," was over whether Begin had committed Israel or could be persuaded to commit Israel to forgo any new West Bank settlements during the five years of transition toward a final, negotiated status for the West Bank and Gaza that unquestionably had been agreed.

The plain fact, documented by a memorandum signed by Carter at Camp David, was that Begin had rejected an American proposal that he explicitly promise to establish no new settlements on the West Bank during the West Bank (not the Israel-Egypt) negotiating period and to subject any proposals for future settlements to negotiation and agreement between the four parties who were to be involved in the interim West Bank civilian authority: Israel, Jordan, Egypt and the elected authority of resident Palestinians. It was this last proviso, according to the Carter document and to Begin's subsequent statements, that Begin flatly rejected at Camp David. He and Carter had agreed that language bearing upon the issue be removed from the framework agreement dealing with the West Bank and incorporated in letters from Begin to Carter and from Carter to Begin. The Americans insisted that the language first drafted for the framework agreement and, as they understood it, to be put instead in the letters of understanding, had been accepted by Israelis acting for Begin. Despite the flat rejection recorded by Carter, the Americans seem to have assumed that the language would appear in a letter from Begin to Carter and, for emphasis, repeated by Carter in a reply to Begin. At this writing on September 21, American and Israeli embassy officials were trying to phrase compromise language that Begin and Carter would accept.

Nothing said here is intended to absolve Begin of all blame for the impasse on the West Bank and other

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issues that cloud the summit outcome. Senior Americans make simple sense when they argue that Begin cannot reasonably claim that he has accepted the principle of an elected West Bank and Gaza Palestinian authority endowed with "full autonomy," as he does, and deny that authority a part in deciding whether there shall be new Israeli settlements on its territory. His sustained, increasing emphasis upon what he did *not* commit himself and Israel to at Camp David may, as the most censorious American officials concede, improve the chances of winning Israeli public and parliamentary acceptance of the Camp David proposals, including the proposal that Israel dismantle and abandon its settlements in the Sinai desert when and if a satisfactory Israel-Egypt peace treaty is negotiated. The same emphasis diminishes the chances that the governments of Jordan and Saudi Arabia will go along, however reluctantly, with the Camp David "framework for peace." If they refuse, there will be a massive propaganda effort to blame Begin for the failure of the summit and he will deserve some of the blame.

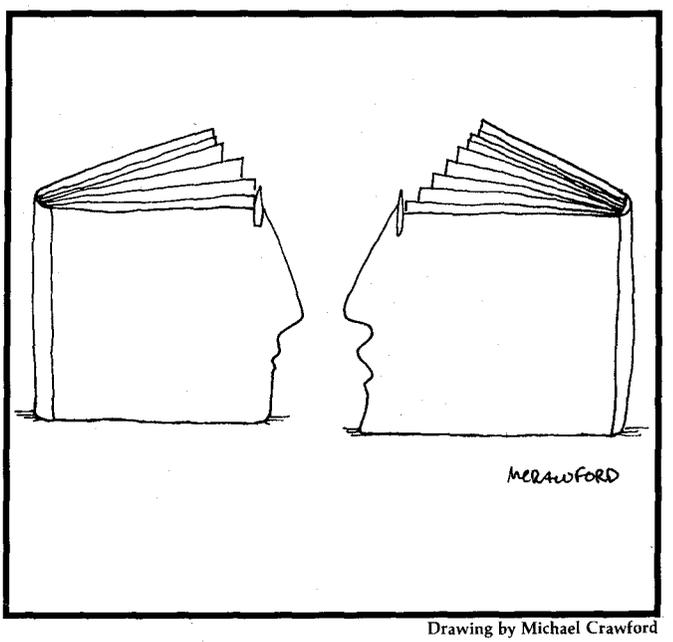
John Osborne

Test scores are no measure of the value of integration.

Coleman Recants

One of the cottage industries in schools of education during the last decade has been the manufacture of black and white studies. The purpose of these works has been to discover whether children in racially integrated schools have higher reading scores than those who attend segregated schools. The grandfather of all these studies was the Coleman Report, an extensive survey of public school pupils undertaken at the direction of Congress in 1964 and completed in 1966. Its author, University of Chicago sociologist James Coleman, concluded that black children did indeed acquire higher IQ scores when sent to school with white children of a higher rank in society. Citing his findings, Coleman and other education experts urged school systems around the country to adopt large-scale compulsory integration plans as a method of improving the quality of education.

Since Coleman's report, Harvard sociologist Christopher Jencks said last week, at least 100 similar but smaller studies have been made in an attempt to prove, contradict, clarify or explain the original hypothesis that integration is valuable because it makes children smarter. The results of this decade of IQ testing have been murky. For every study that proves there is some gain in reading ability to be had with integration, another proves the opposite. Now there is even a "National Review Panel on School Desegrega-



Drawing by Michael Crawford

tion Research," with the self-assigned mission of sorting out the meaningful work from the inconclusive. This group met last weekend to plot the future of desegregation research.

One indication of the experts' confusion came last week from James Coleman himself, the king of this generation of IQ scorekeepers. In an interview with *The Washington Post*, he flatly rejected his earlier conviction that massive busing programs could improve the quality of education. In a speech he gave earlier this year, Coleman said, "What once appeared to be fact is now known to be fiction. It is *not* the case that school desegregation, as it has been carried out in American schools, generally brings achievement benefits to disadvantaged children." He added that "under optimal conditions" desegregation could help to improve the test scores of disadvantaged children, but "*any* school changes, under optimal conditions, will have this effect." Christopher Jencks agreed that, even if it could be proved that poor children improve their scores by attending integrated schools, the amount of improvement would be so slight—on the average no more than three points on an IQ score—as to be insignificant.

Coleman is opposed to mandatory busing plans because they tend to be self-defeating. In his opinion, they drive middle-class families out of the city public school systems into private schools or nearby public jurisdictions that lie outside the reach of the busing plan. This migration increases the degree of segregation and in some cities actually does the opposite of what is intended. Coleman therefore argues that coercion must be abandoned as a remedy, and that new incentive programs must be devised that will encourage

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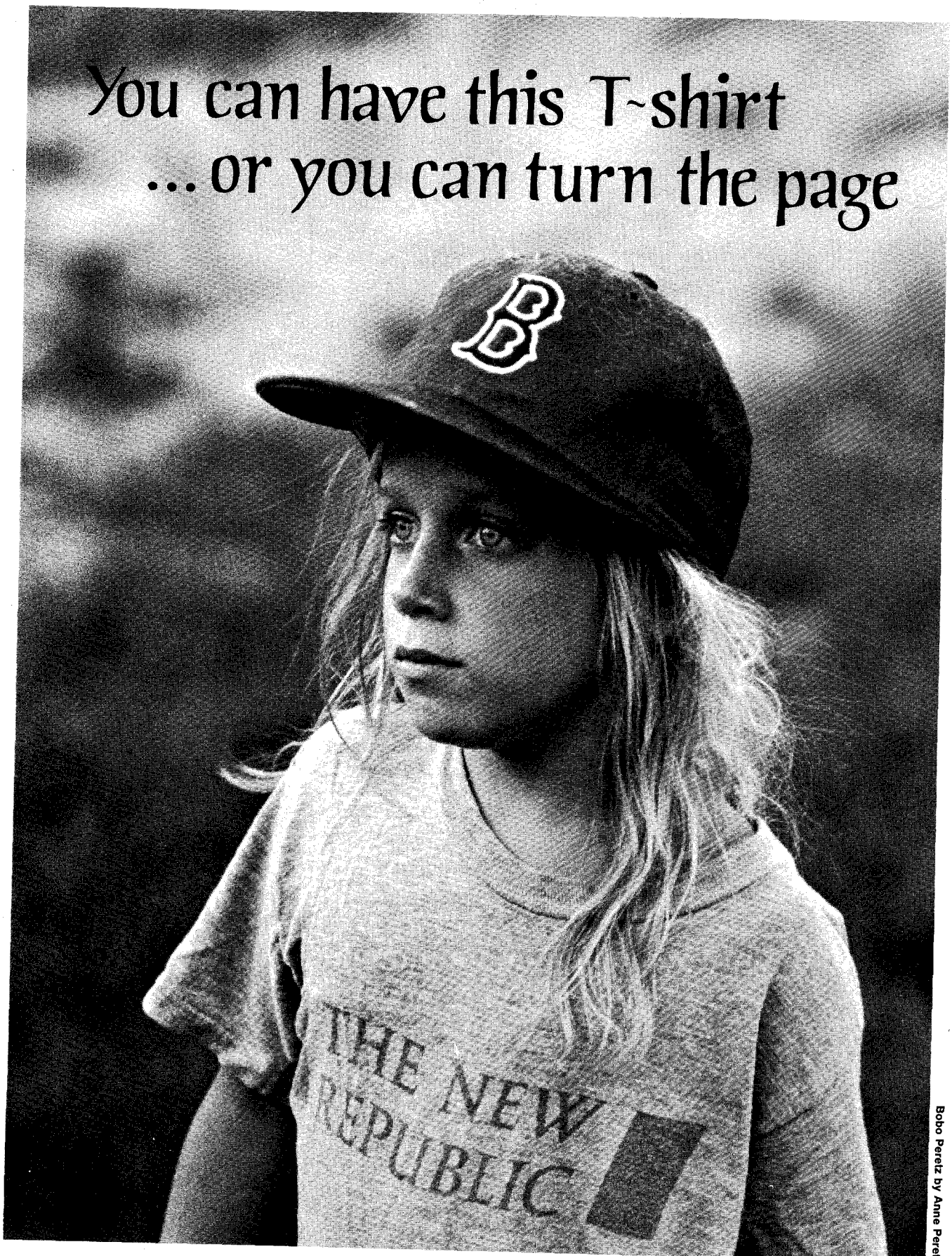

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parents to send their children to integrated schools voluntarily.

Many sociologists and educationists still insist that busing is the only available remedy for dismantling segregated school systems. But even the hardliners of this sort do not make the claim, once widely used in legal briefs for desegregation, that busing will improve children's reading abilities. The big promises have been put aside, and that is just as well. It was a mistake to make sociological research and IQ metrics a part of the argument in favor of integration, for to do so was to provoke the spirit-numbing battle of the statisticians that followed. The decision to integrate the schools was made because it was judged by moral and legal standards the right thing to do. Integrated schools are crucial to the effort to create an integrated society, in which social interaction defeats racism. Any educational benefits or losses that may have come about as a result of the decision were merely incidental, and should be regarded as such.

Eliot Marshall

Ten years after Prague Spring, Czechoslovakia is still "normalizing."

Czech and Mate

When Dr. Gustav Husak took over the leadership of the Czechoslovak Communist Party—and thereby, of Czechoslovakia—from Alexander Dubcek a few months after the Soviet-led invasion of August 1968, he probably thought his situation was like that of Hungarian leader Janos Kadar in 1956. Both men had themselves been victims of the Stalinist purges of the early 1950s, and both came to power following a Soviet invasion to pacify their societies after a nationwide tide of unrest. When Husak spoke in 1969 of winning over those who were misled by the "Dubcekite delusion" to his policy of "normalization and consolidation," many understood this to imply that he would follow the Hungarian pattern. Six years after the Russian tanks rolled into Budapest, Kadar declared, "He who is not against us is with us," proclaimed an amnesty and embarked on a series of mild liberal reforms, mostly in the economic sphere. The Hungarian recipe for "goulash communism" seemed to be the obvious example to follow for the post-invasion rulers in Czechoslovakia.

The recipe was not followed. Today, 10 years after the hopes of the Prague Spring were crushed, Czechoslovakia remains one of the most tightly-run regimes in Eastern Europe. The repression of the "Charter 77" human rights movement, the dismissals of the participants from their jobs, the arrests of the signatories, the hysterical reaction of the official media to the Charter, all reveal the superficial character of the normalization that allegedly has taken place. Compared to the much more flexible response of the Polish government to a much more widespread dissident movement there, the repression in Czechoslovakia demonstrates the vulnerability and insecurity of the Prague regime. Today in Prague the wounds of 1968 have not healed. Many Czechs still suffer politically, in professional life, even in the educational system, for their involvement in the events of spring 1968. Husak's motto seems to be, "Who is not one-hundred-percent with us is against us." Why has the attempt at a "Kadarization" in Czechoslovakia been so unsuccessful?

Kadar's "carrot and stick" method of defusing dissent in the decade that followed 1956 may have been more successful because those were different times. Kadar's flexible policies were more in tune with developments in Moscow during Khrushchev's second wave of "destalinization" inaugurated at the 22nd Congress of the Soviet Communist Party in 1961. By contrast, the "normalization" of Czechoslovakia had to take place during Brezhnev's restoration of tight political controls over Soviet social, political and cultural life. The year 1968 also marked the start of a severe crackdown on the human rights movement in Moscow.

More importantly, the Czechoslovak reform movement of 1968 was different in character from the brief Hungarian rebellion of 1956. The popular response to the invasion that followed each uprising also was different. The Czechoslovak experiment lasted almost an entire year. The invasion in itself could not suppress the movement of Prague Spring. It only took on a new, more radical dimension after August 1968. The nonviolent resistance of the Czechs in the last months of 1968 was intended to preserve and even widen the freedoms acquired in the spring. The violent suppression of the Hungarian uprising in 1956 meant the physical eradication of its most militant elements. Thousands died on the Budapest barricades; Imre Nagy himself was executed exactly 20 years ago. However traumatic the Soviet invasion was for the Czechs and Slovaks, there was no mass slaughter. Dubcek's own fate—withdrawal, but without collaboration or recantation—symbolizes the "passive resistance" of the Czechoslovak people. A paradoxical conclusion could be drawn from these two experiences: if you resist by force, the length of the "normalization" is fairly short and a move toward relaxation can take place within a few years, as happened in Hungary. If you don't resist by force and try to be reasonable, you can end up with something like the present situation in Czechoslovakia which, 10 years later, is bleaker than at any time since World War II.

Another important difference between Hungary and Czechoslovakia has been the post-invasion regime's relationship with the intellectuals. In Eastern Europe intellectuals traditionally have spoken for popular

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aspirations. In Hungary after 1956 reprisals against the intellectuals involved in the revolt were particularly harsh. Many of them were sent to jail. But they soon were amnestied and allowed to find a way of living with the new regime, without having to recant. By contrast none of the Czech intellectuals who played prominent roles during the Dubcek era were imprisoned after the invasion. The authorities tried to force them to recant by preventing them from publishing. As a result, 10 years later, the regime has been unable to co-opt most Czech intellectuals, who prefer to publish in *samizdat*-type publications and to join movements such as Charter 77.

The post-1956 recovery of the Hungarian regime has been helped by the rise of a new middle class. Along with the party and state bureaucracy, this class now forms the social base of Kadar's regime. A limited amount of social mobility and consumerism coincided in the 1960s with Hungary's fast economic growth and expanding trade with the West. By comparison the Czechoslovak economy in the early 1970s did better than many observers expected. But the Soviet loans to provide the Czechs with previously unobtainable consumer goods have now expired and there are signs that the economy is deteriorating. The Soviet Union has started charging other Communist countries world market prices for oil and other raw materials, and East European governments have been forced to pass these increases on in domestic prices. Higher prices have a much more immediate political impact in nations with state-run economies. Husak cannot ask the Czechs, as Kadar asked the Hungarians in the 1960s, "Have you ever had it any better?"

By purging the Czech Communist Party of half a million members after 1968, Husak deprived himself of his own political base. By radically purging all the social institutions and reducing the trade unions to mere adjuncts of the party, the party bureaucracy has imposed silence and cut itself off from the society as a whole. Husak is being pressed on one side by the orthodox hardliners, who find Husak's treatment of the Charter 77 movement too lenient and on the other by more pragmatic technocrats concerned about current mismanagement in the economy. Many feel it would be an opportune moment for Husak to try a bit of reform himself. But even after 10 years of "normalization," he does not seem interested.

Jacques Rupnik

Jacques Rupnik is the Eastern European specialist for the British Broadcasting Company.

The spirit of deregulation spreads to the ICC.

Busting the Trucking Cartel

by Stephen Chapman

Early on the morning of September 5, someone sneaked into the grounds of Dayton Air Freight, a small Ohio firm, placed several "incendiary devices" in strategic locations and burned down the company offices, its garage and a tractor-trailer. In all, the fire destroyed $50,000 worth of the company's property. The owners, however, had asked for it. Only a few weeks earlier, Paul Wimmer and Ted Hacker had gone to Washington and testified before the Senate Antitrust Committee about their unpleasant experience in dealing with the Interstate Commerce Commission.

If the experience of Wimmer and Hacker is hardly typical, it illustrates the strong emotions aroused when people start talking about making major changes in the way the federal government regulates commercial truck traffic. President Carter will learn about those feelings next year, when he begins pressing for some sort of bill to make American trucking freer and more competitive. Gerald Ford found out three years ago when he announced a plan to overhaul the regulations administered by the Interstate Commerce Commission. His bill got nowhere in either the House or the Senate, and all Ford got for his trouble was the wrath of the regulated trucking industry and the International Brotherhood of Teamsters, which his predecessor had painstakingly cultivated.

Carter has good reason to make drastic changes in the way the federal government regulates commercial trucking. The ICC is almost a caricature of a bad regulatory agency. Created in 1887 to supervise the nation's railroads, the agency later gained authority over other forms of "surface transportation"—

Stephen Chapman is a Washington writer.

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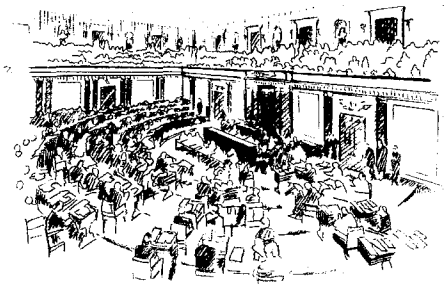

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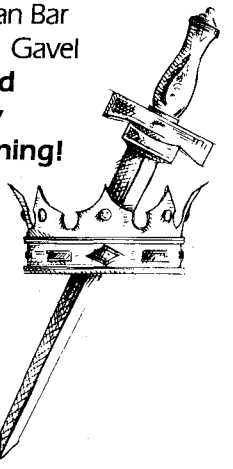

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waterways, pipelines, and motor carriers. While presiding over the demise of some of the nation's biggest rail companies, the ICC has gone to great lengths to protect the truck companies under its jurisdiction from the faintest specter of competition. In many ways the ICC's history resembles that of the Civil Aeronautics Board—until last year. Under the new leadership of chairman Alfred Kahn, the CAB has drastically cut back its regulatory role in the airline industry. Like the CAB, the ICC spent most of this century doing its best to hold rates artificially high, to bar new companies from entering the field and to raise the cost of operating to those already in the market. Despite the existence of some 16,000 different firms scattered all over the country, the regulated sector of the commercial trucking industry exhibits little evidence of anything resembling competition.

Most of American trucking already operates free of ICC control. Sixty percent of commercial traffic falls into two categories that are exempt from federal regulation: private carriage, which involves a company hauling its own goods (such as Sears moving furniture from one of its warehouses to a retail outlet), and carriage of unprocessed agricultural commodities. The rest of the nation's truck traffic is regulated. There are two categories: common carriers, which make up a full third of all commercial truck traffic, and contract carriers, which account for seven percent. Both types must obtain operating certificates from the ICC, but there are important differences. Common carriers are allowed to serve any customer who comes along, but they are allowed to carry only specified goods and to serve only specified points. Contract carriers, on the other hand, can haul any commodities and go anywhere, but they are permitted to serve only a few designated customers.

In practice, these restrictions tend to stifle direct competition between firms. Regulations imposed on common carriers are the most important and far-reaching. Each operating certificate for a common carrier limits the commodities that can be carried, the points that can be served, and the routes traveled. This means that the typical shipping customer usually has little choice about which trucker to hire. Even if a shipper gets lucky and finds a dozen different companies with the authority to take the goods he wants to ship to the place he wants them to go, the price he pays will not reflect the apparent competition. Almost all rates are established by regional rate bureaus composed of representatives of trucking companies themselves. Thanks to an antitrust exemption included in the Reed-Bulwinkle Act of 1948, trucking common carriers—unlike almost all other commercial firms in the American economy—can legally engage in collusive price-fixing. It's reasonable to assume that rate bureaus aim at keeping rates above, not below, what they would be if set competitively.

In theory any carrier can offer a rate lower than that set by the rate bureau, but either the bureau or a rival firm can protest the reduction and force the errant trucker to suspend it. Such protests often are filed automatically any time a firm tries to cut its rates, regardless of whether other firms will be directly affected. In one particularly notorious case, an exasperated carrier decided to prove a point by filing a rate for shipping yak fat, an imaginary commodity. Sure enough, 13 firms protested his rate.

Another obstacle to competition lies in the ICC's restrictive entry policies. When someone applies to the ICC for permission to provide some service, other truckers already authorized to provide that service may step in to prevent it. Traditionally, the facts that the already-authorized truckers are not actually providing the service, or that the new trucker proposes to charge less for it, are not considered. Broad grants of operating authority are hard to come by, a circumstance reflected in their market value: the rights are granted in perpetuity and can be sold without ICC approval. By the estimate of the American Trucking Association, which represents common carriers, the value of operating certificates quadrupled between 1962 and 1972. One bankrupt firm sold its operating rights in 1975 for $20 million—rights issued by the ICC for free. The ICC defends itself by noting that 80 percent of applications for operating rights are approved, but most are either extensions of authority to existing carriers or very narrow rights.

Current regulations build all sorts of absurdities into commercial trucking. Take, for example, an independent owner-operator (a much-abused creature under the existing system) who hauls a load of exempt agricultural goods from a small rural town to a big city. On his return trip, he has three choices, since he's not likely to find an exempt agricultural shipment going the opposite direction. He can drive back empty. He can carry regulated goods illegally, a common practice. Or he can rent some common carrier's operating authority to carry regulated goods. The certificate holder generally gets 20 to 30 percent of the owner-operator's gross revenue for the loan of his certificate. If the certificate contains route restrictions, as many do, he may be forced to drive hundreds of miles out of his way to get back home.

Carter came into office apparently determined to make some changes in trucking regulations, but the administration decided that its first priority was deregulating the airline industry. Since Senator Kennedy had been touting a regulatory reform bill for two years and laying the groundwork for its passage, the president figured that the prospects for a quick victory were good. His calculation was correct, but Carter gave the Kennedy-Cannon bill a strong boost by installing Alfred Kahn at the CAB and encouraging him to go ahead and deregulate air traffic as far as possible even before the appropriate legislation was approved.

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The popularity of reduced fares and increased profits that have followed from Kahn's measures allayed many legislators' doubts about the risks accompanying a diminished federal role. When it came to the Senate floor on April 19, the Kennedy-Cannon bill passed by an 83-9 margin.

Within the administration, there have been disagreements about trucking regulation. Domestic Council chief Stuart Eizenstat and his transportation aide, Mary Schuman, both favor comprehensive deregulation, and they have the support of most of the Department of Transportation staff who deal with trucking. But Secretary Brock Adams had been second ranking Democrat on the House Transportation and Commerce subcommittee, and this has inclined him to look at things from the view of industry. Adams has made no secret of his distaste for the deregulation. Last January, Adams and budget director James McIntyre submitted a memorandum to Carter recommending against support of a trucking reform bill on the grounds that "it is a tough issue bringing with it little if any political benefit, at least in the short run." Adams dragged his feet on airline deregulation. This may cause Carter to prefer someone else to lead the tougher fight for a trucking bill. *The New York Times* reported in August that Adams would soon be leaving the administration. He called a press conference to deny it, but the rumors persist, fueled by the recent departure of his long-time top assistant, Woody Price. Speculation on a successor to Adams has centered on Jack Sullivan, head of the Federal Railroad Administration; Langhorn Bond, administrator of the Federal Aviation Administration; and Alfred Kahn. Naming Kahn to the top Transportation post would serve as an unmistakable signal that the White House plans to proceed with major transportation reforms.

Having Kahn looking over his shoulder might also spur bolder actions by ICC Chairman Daniel O'Neal. O'Neal came to the agency with a reputation as a radical deregulator but has made rather cautious moves since. His most useful changes have been to speed up the process of considering route applications, and to begin granting authority to applicants offering lower rates than those already authorized. But he has put off other obvious reforms recommended by a task force he himself appointed, such as expanding the list of exempt commodities. One noteworthy reform came in response to a request filed by an organization of minority truckers. By a 5-2 vote, the commission tentatively agreed to essentially deregulate all shipments made under federal contracts. If the decision is made final, it will open up a sizable portion of truck traffic to firms and owner-operators previously unable to handle government shipments, for lack of ICC permission. Carter now has the opportunity to fill up to four vacancies on the ICC with members reflecting his views. (O'Neal would like the commission cut back to no more than seven members from its present 11, but the White House prefers nine.) The president isn't expected to make any appointments until next year, which presumably would coincide with the kickoff of a drive for legislative reforms. Once that is under way, the commission can be expected to take bigger steps on its own. Some obvious reforms that are being considered include loosening operating restrictions and changing the standard for certification of new service from *"required by* the present or future public convenience and necessity" to simply "consistent with" it. The "required by" language permits existing firms to block an application merely on the grounds that the new entrant is not absolutely necessary, because they already provide the service. Changing the words would prevent such arguments. Another possible change would shift the burden of proof from the applicant to the firms protesting his entry.

Action on collective rate-making by the rate bureaus will require some form of legislation to limit or repeal their antitrust immunity. Senator Kennedy's Antitrust Committee has been holding hearings this year on the exemption, and he says he will introduce a bill on the subject in the next session. Kennedy wants a comprehensive deregulation bill. His aggressiveness on the airline bill, however, annoyed Senator Howard Cannon, whose Commerce Committee has jurisdiction over such matters and who will be crucial to the approval of any trucking legislation. So Kennedy no doubt will postpone submitting any comprehensive bill at least until Cannon has made up his mind on this issue.

Even blessed with Kennedy's prestige, any major changes in trucking regulation will be very difficult to get through, particularly in the House. Unlike the airline industry, which was divided on deregulation, the regulated firms in trucking are solidly against it. Moreover, they proved with their defeat of the Ford bill that they are formidable lobbyists. Their trade organization, the ATA, has members in every congressional district and most employees of common carrier firms belong to the Teamsters union, a powerful lobby with 1.2 million members. Even the most optimistic observers expect passage will take at least a year in the Senate and another year in the House, quite possibly longer.

The obstacles to congressional approval of a trucking reform are rooted in political fears, not in any disagreements on the merits. That trucking regulation is a mess is one of Washington's worst-kept secrets. The ICC's bad record may even have helped the passage of the airline bill. "While we were working on that," says one deregulation lobbyist, "I had several members tell me, 'We've got to get this through, because if we don't get a bill on the CAB, we'll never be able to do anything about the ICC.'" An agency with a reputation this bad may be too embarrassing for Congress to leave alone.

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Arts and Lives

Stanley Kauffmann on films

Later On

There is a corner of some foreign films that is forever England. Most of the directors who made English films so important in the 1960s are now working in other countries, if they are working at all. Worse, most of them are working poorly. What a brimming lot they were: Lindsay Anderson, Tony Richardson, Karel Reisz, John Schlesinger, Jack Clayton, Guy Green, Clive Donner, (the American-born) Richard Lester. All of them did memorable films, and the usually premature adjective is apt because enough time has passed to prove it out. But only a few of these men are still visible—in the film world, anyway. John Schlesinger has gone on to more and more success, less and less consequential. *(Day of the Locust, Marathon Man.)* Lester made the bright-spirited Beatles films and *The Knack*, then *How I Won the War*, an ignored masterpiece; and then, his back broken by financial failures, he managed to get work *(The Three Musketeers*, etc.) only by skimming his skills off his self and using them impersonally.

The first three directors listed above were busy in the influential Free Cinema movement in Britain in the 1950s. (When *were* the 1950s? In 1850? It seems so.) David Thomson says, justly, in his sharp and quirky *Biographical Dictionary of Film*: "Of [them] Anderson is the most talented, Richardson the most dispensable, and Reisz the most unresolved." Now Reisz is more firmly unresolved, to judge by his new film *Who'll Stop the Rain* (United Artists). He has skidded continuously, from the solidity of *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning* in 1961 to the embarrassing grotesquery of *Morgan* and the disasters of *Isadora* and *The Gambler*—with American financing and American locale becoming more prominent in his career the worse it got. Now he works in the US and is like the chameleon dropped on a piece of plaid, going crazy trying to match the environment.

Opinions on film directors, hard or happy, must always take into account the factor that controls their lives more than the lives of other artists: the struggle to get backing. For instance, right after Albert Finney finished *Tom Jones* but before it was released to worldwide success, he and Reisz decided to make a film about the Australian bandit Ned Kelly. They got American interest (Columbia), flew to Australia in October 1962, and spent months scouting locations and making arrangements. (See Alexander Walker's *Hollywood U.K.*) While they were scouting, industry costs rose and Columbia faltered. Finney and Reisz then tried to shift shooting to Spain and scouted there but, ignorant of the blast-off that Finney was to get from his forthcoming film, Columbia withdrew. So Finney and Reisz, feeling despondent and desperate, grabbed at the idea of redoing *Night Must Fall* and got it into production quickly. The result was awful and the background story doesn't redeem the result, but at least it demonstrates how a director can invest thought and time in a potentially good project yet end up with a different one that's a dud.

Very probably there are comparable stories about his subsequent films, explaining how this once-gifted man got snared in one failure after another. The American industry has surely played a large part: first, by investing in British film and trying to "hot" it up: then, after strangling the best of it, by importing some of the directors and bringing out the feeblest in them. It's not a case of drooling US villains and innocent English virgins: in the film world the relations between money and the very chance to work are too complex for that. But Reisz is prototypical of those bashed about by the US-UK currents of the last 15 years, and he now ends up working, true, but unrecognizably battered. *Who'll Stop the Rain* is arguably not his worst film—*The Gambler* noses it out—but that's hardly enough to make one hopeful about him.

The title comes from a song that's sung in the picture, and that's the only connection. The script comes from Robert Stone's novel *Dog Soldiers*, which won a National Book Award for no discernible reason. The book's style is more Hemingway-derivative, attenuated in *macho* histrionics; the story is diluted Graham Greene—the thriller as (purported) moral agon. The style is tedious and the story vacuous, particularly since it misses what Greene always gives us: a moral geography. The book is not about dog soldiers, it's about crap people.

The script by Stone and Judith Rascoe condenses and rearranges slightly but is close to the book. I'm not arguing for the corn of a Good Person as reference point. Elaine May's *Mikey and Nickey* was about sewer folk, relentlessly, but her point was that they had closed the manhole cover after them and were living by sewer values. Stone, now with Rascoe, is trying to tug Currier & Ives heartstrings—heroism, sudden love, good guys and bad guys—with characters who are vermin. A Vietnam-war correspondent makes a deal to get three kilograms of heroin into the US. A merchant seaman, a friend of his, smuggles the stuff in to the correspondent's wife, who is a junkie.

Films Worth Seeing

Girlfriends. Claudia Weill's small-scale, large-hearted, truth-searching story of a young New York woman. Makes *An Unmarried Woman* look like the plastic it always was.

Go Tell the Spartans. Not just another war movie, though it has traces of such. Some grip on the complexities and futilities in Vietnam, 1964.

Heaven Can Wait. Warren Beatty remakes *Here Comes Mr. Jordan*, aided by Buck Henry and Elaine May. The 1941 supernatural comedy-romance comes through fairly cozily.

Women. The script of this Hungarian film unravels toward the end, but its story of two wives is perceptive and beautifully done.

SK

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There's trouble with a crooked US narcotics agent and his hoods. Seaman and correspondent's wife run off together into a lot of unbelievable derring and do. Some deaths, of course, and still another ending lifted from *The Treasure of the Sierra Madre*. So on the one hand we have a man dealing in heroin, his junkie wife who stashes her small child with someone in order to run off with the actual smuggler, a sailor who wants to make both bucks and the wife, and on the other hand we have a crooked official and his killers. And for the first group the film impertinently assumes our sympathies.

Evidently someone had a few qualms along the way because the correspondent is given lines like "I know I'm doing the right thing." He doesn't, and neither do we. And if anyone comments that it's all a portrait of the moral chaos of our time, I *will* throw up. The only real moral chaos here is in the people who wrote and made this film.

In addition to the pretense that the picture is about decent people caught in a mucky world, the structure is phony and trite. It's full of obligatory scenes—for instance, the hoods who torture our hero ooze *gemütlichkeit* as they do it—and the contrived finale, in an abandoned hippie commune (get it?), is as childishly bang-bang, under the picture's smart air, as any TV episode.

Michael Moriarty, the correspondent, has shown talent in the theater, but now his ego is spreading over his talent like fungus. He's arrogantly casual, almost condescending to his job. Nick Nolte, the seaman, is a slightly more flexible reincarnation of Buster Crabbe. The wife is Tuesday Weld, about whom the received wisdom is that she is a wonderful actress who has never got the breaks. She should be careful never to get them: it's doubtful that her anguished kewpie-doll act would stand up under a real part.

Reisz directs as if he had studied the American films that ape the best American films of this kind. The rhythms of the editing, the planning of the shots, are all reminders, nothing more. A director who once showed some originality is now buried abroad.

* * *

A brand-new Harold Lloyd picture is a big hit. It's set in the 1950s, it has a lot of rock-and-roll, it has a sad ending, but basically *The Buddy Holly Story* (Columbia) is Harold Lloyd all over again. A small-town boy—begoggled, yet—is road-blocked and laughed at, but he persists: he and his two pals go to the Big Town and they win out by sticking to their small-town guns. What's more, the hero's sweetness and sincerity win the sweet and sincere girl.

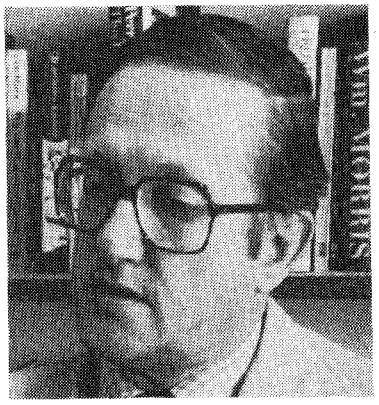
I enjoyed it, but then I love Harold Lloyd. The music has certainly had a huge share in the picture's success, though it didn't do much for me. I thought it was OK of its kind, but I'm unable to hear the difference between Holly's music and that of other groups on variety programs with him. It's a biographical picture about the singer-composer who was killed in a plane crash in 1959 at 22, except that *Rolling Stone* (Sept. 21) says it isn't accurate. Gary Busey, who was very different as the road manager in Streisand's *Star Is Born*, has the right feisty modesty as Holly, all grit and grin. Maria Richwine is appealing as the Puerto Rican girl he marries. I could have done without the gloppy scene in which Holly teaches two little boys some guitar chords, but otherwise it was nice to revisit a standard American myth. Especially since, essentially, it's true.

Books Considered

American Caesar
by William Manchester

(Little, Brown & Co; $15.00)

In September of 1950 I was directed by the Department of Defense to take three scientists to Korea. The purpose of the visit was to look into the conduct of the Korean War, and, more specifically, determine why air power was not stopping the southward movement of the North Koreans. To me, however, the highlight of the trip was a call upon SCAP (Supreme Commander of the Allied Powers) General Douglas MacArthur. I had been in Tokyo only a



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few days when the appointment was arranged. I called on the general in his office in the Dai Ichi Building. As was his custom, he had already looked into my background and interests and was prepared to discuss airborne operations on a vast scale. He had also familiarized himself in detail on the airborne operations in Europe. He could not have been more friendly and more persuasive as he advanced his ideas, knowing full well that they were quite close to my own. The call was for about 20 minutes, but time seemed to fly, and in no time I was ushered from his office. As I walked by the desk of one of the staff colonels, an officer whom I had known for many years looked up and said to me, *sotto voce*, "Now you have met God." Being compared to God became commonplace by the time MacArthur reached Tokyo. William Manchester in his superb volume, *American Caesar*, cites numerous examples, from G.I.s to generals, who invoked the Deity in referring to MacArthur.

MacArthur's first opportunity to display his rare military gifts was in World War I. He made the most of it. By the time the war came to an end, he had been promoted to brigadier general in command of a brigade of the 42nd (Rainbow) Division. He was the youngest general in the war. He received seven Silver Stars for gallantry in action and two Distinguished Service Crosses for extraordinary heroism. He had been recommended for the Congressional Medal, but the "Chaumont crowd,"—as MacArthur called the group around General John J. Pershing stationed in Chaumont, France—turned it down. He made himself conspicuous by flagrantly violating the uniform regulations. Never wearing a helmet, he wore a long flowing scarf and carried a riding crop under his arm. Manchester recounts one incident: "Who's that?" Lieutenant George Kenney asked of an infantry captain as the brigadier swaggered by. "That's Douglas MacArthur," the captain replied. "He commands the 84th Brigade of the Rainbow Division, and if he doesn't get himself knocked off . . . that guy is going places."

By the time I was commissioned a second lieutenant in 1929, MacArthur was a legend throughout the Army. I was a student at the Infantry School at Fort Benning, Georgia, in early 1933. The news from Washington was that the Bonus Expeditionary Force was becoming a danger in the view of the White House. Some 25,000 veterans and their families were already in Washington and more were on the way. They were there to petition the government to pay them a cash bonus. President Hoover however saw them as a real threat to law and order and finally

Douglas MacArthur Robert Hunt Library

directed the Army to break up their encampments and drive them out of Washington. It promised to be a very unpleasant task, for many of the regulars in the Army were veterans themselves. Further, whoever would take it upon himself to carry out the mission might well be committing professional suicide. When the day came for the eviction, the chief of staff of the Army no less, General Douglas MacArthur, appeared in full uniform with all of his medals, and he went into Washington to direct the operation personally. He was accompanied by two aides, Major George S. Patton and Major Dwight D. Eisenhower. There was not a lieutenant at the Infantry School who failed to note that MacArthur did not pass the mission on to a subordinate; he took full responsibility and carried it out himself. There was one aspect of it that went unnoticed at the time, but that suggested serious implications for the future. MacArthur cleared the veterans from around the Washington Monument and from the streets of downtown Washington. The main encampment, however, was on the far side of the Anacostia River. President Hoover sent duplicate orders via two officers forbidding troops to cross the river and attack the veterans in their encampment. As Manchester reports it, "MacArthur scorned them. To Eisenhower's astonishment, the Chief of Staff declared emphatically that he was 'too busy' and did not want himself or his staff 'bothered by people coming down and pretending to bring orders.' Then he led his men across, and the tents, shacks, lean-tos, and packing crates which had sheltered the bonus marchers and their families were put to the torch. Two babies were dead of tear gas and a seven-year-old boy trying to rescue his pet rabbit had been bayoneted through the leg." It was a flagrant violation of orders from his civilian superior.

After completing his tour as chief of staff of the Army, MacArthur went on to the Philippines to become a field marshal in charge of President Quezon's new Filipino army. I served in that army and in the Philippine Scouts for two years, during the period 1936-38. I occasionally saw MacArthur when we were conducting training. He was an impressive officer—aloof, intelligent and highly energized. He was at his best when he was with the army in the field. While in the Philippines, I participated in several rehearsals of the final plan for war. It anticipated Japanese landings in Lingayen Gulf about 100 miles north of Manila. The American and Filipino troops were to fall back, ultimately withdrawing to the Bataan Peninsula, where they would receive heavy artillery support from Corregidor. A key aspect of the plan was to provide for the early movement of food and ammunition to Bataan in order that the forces might survive for at least six months. It was considered that the Navy would reach Bataan by that time. Shortly after Pearl Harbor, the Japanese made an amphibious landing exactly as we had anticipated, at Lingayen Gulf. MacArthur, however, thought that he could successfully oppose the Lingayen landings and contain them. Hence, much of his supplies were moved to an area between Manila and Lingayen instead of being moved to Bataan. One depot alone, at Cabanatuan on the central Luzon plain, held 50 million bushels of rice—enough to feed the troops for over four years. Its loss to the Japanese was to prove to be a disaster for the Bataan defenders.

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Manchester gives us a detailed account of MacArthur's escape from Corregidor with his family and members of his staff. He arrived in Brisbane expecting to find an army awaiting him and instead found nothing. Priority had been given to the war in Europe and MacArthur was to receive little help. Nevertheless, in a brilliant campaign, unprecedented in military history, he made over 80 amphibious landings and returned to the Philippine Islands on October 20, 1944. He began at once to prepare for the attack on Japan. However, the atomic bomb brought an early end to the war, thus setting the stage for his role as the last shogun of Japan.

Japan had been totally destroyed. MacArthur was confronted with unprecedented problems. The first was what to do with Emperor Hirohito. MacArthur decided that Hirohito be retained and protected. There were many who questioned the propriety of this, but his judgment was to prove very wise. His administration over the recently defeated Japan was an unbelievable success. I have often talked to officers who worked on his staff at the time and they told me of the many economists, educators, health care experts, financiers, etc., that he brought from the American community to work for him. Manchester describes this in considerable detail, finally concluding that "There can be no doubt that they made a great democracy of Japan." When the time came for him to leave, Emperor Hirohito did something that had never been done in the history of Japan. He went to the American Embassy to thank MacArthur for all that he had done, clasping MacArthur's hand with both of his as he did so.

Five years after his arrival in Japan war broke out in Korea. It came as a complete surprise to MacArthur and to the Joint Chiefs of Staff. Well equipped with Russian T-34 tanks, artillery, mortars and machine weapons, the North Koreans swept rapidly to the south, beyond Seoul, and across the Han River. By that time MacArthur had flown to the scene, made an estimate of what had to be done and having obtained the permission from the Joint Chiefs of Staff, committed his understrength divisions from Japan to Korea. The fighting was bitter all summer long. By early fall, the Allies were contained in a tight perimeter of 146 miles long around the Port of Pusan in southern Korea. Long before this the United Nations had acted and United Nations forces were part of the defenders. From the outset of the Korean War, MacArthur studied the possibilities of a major counteroffensive that would destroy the North Koreans completely. He proposed to the Joint Chiefs of Staff that he launch a counterstroke in mid-September of 1950. He was in no hurry to give the location of the landing to the Joint Chiefs of Staff, since he thought that they would oppose it. He planned to land at Inchon, 150 miles north of Pusan. As the admiral who was destined to carry out the attack, Rear Admiral Jams H. Doyle had his gunnery officer list the obstacles to the proposed landings. He drew up a list of every geographic and natural handicap—and Inchon had them all. To head MacArthur off, the Joint Chiefs sent General Joe Collins, chief of staff of the Army, and Admiral Forrest P. Sherman, chief of Naval Operations, to Japan to find out exactly what his plans were. By that time, according to Manchester, every general officer and flag officer in Japan was opposed to the plan. I talked to one of MacArthur's senior airmen, Gen. "Rosie" O'Donnell, about it and he said, "Hell, he is trading Pusan for Inchon."

Upon the arrival of the Joint Chiefs, a meeting was convened in Tokyo. Altogether nine critics completed an 80-minute presentation denouncing the operation. MacArthur concluded with a 30-minute performance telling them that "the very arguments you have made as to the impracticalities involved confirm my faith in the plan."

His proposal was to land the 1st Marine Division and the US Army 7th Infantry Division in Inchon Harbor. After seizing the small island of Wolmi Do, they had to seize the causeway, the nine foot seawall and docks, and build up as quickly as they possibly could. The tide would soon leave all the landing craft stranded in the mud until it returned 12 hours later. I made the landing on D+1 on Wolmi Do. My purpose in being there was to look into tactical air support of the 1st Marine Division. I accompanied the assault battalions to Kimpo Airfield on the outskirts of Seoul. I had just reached the hilly outskirts of Inchon with "Chesty" Puller's 1st Regiment of Marines when MacArthur's entourage arrived. The scene reminded me of a similar one when MacArthur visited our training areas in the Philippine Scouts years earlier. The erect, long-striding,

The Horse of Pride

Life in a Breton Village

Pierre-Jakez Hélias
translated and abridged by
June Guicharnaud
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McNeill on modern Greece

Almost twenty years before the publication of his National Book Award-winning The Rise of the West, William H. McNeill visited four war-ravaged Greek hill villages with a three-member team from the Twentieth Century Fund, investigating the need for aid to Greece.

In his new book, **THE METAMORPHOSIS OF GREECE SINCE WORLD WAR II**, McNeill writes, particularly, of the radical changes he has seen take place, at intervals over the last thirty years, in these four villages and two others. Strong-

With all the changes, it is in such villages, McNeill believes, that the key elements of the Greek character and tradition can still be most easily seen. He holds that, even in modern Athens or abroad, the average Greek is—as the typical villager has always been—a mixture of expert haggler in the marketplace and would-be hero of the Homeric epics.

This is a fascinating book for anyone who has visited Greece or plans to. It is much more than a brilliant survey of recent political upheavals and the often startling effects of modernity in collision with classicism. Warmly and entertainingly written, it is a book by a man with an obviously personal admiration for the Greek spirit, a man whose incomparable grasp of world history gives him a unique understanding of how that spirit was forged.

THE METAMORPHOSIS OF GREECE SINCE WORLD WAR II
by William H. McNeill $12.95

University of Chicago Press

buoyant general, in complete control of the situation and of himself, exuded confidence and left absolutely no question but that the operation was a great success and that he knew exactly why and what he was going to do next. Disdainful of physical danger as usual, he went forward to look at some T-34 Soviet tanks with their cargo of dead North Koreans draped over them and about them; they had been knocked out of action only a few minutes earlier.

After Inchon he became increasingly difficult in his dealings with the Joint Chiefs. After all, he had been proven right and the JCS wrong. I remember being in staff discussions on several occasions where they were attempting to draft messages back to Tokyo. The JCS were inclined to play back to him what they thought he wanted to hear; not always, but all too frequently. He was a difficult commander to deal with because he was inclined to invoke the time-honored practice of the US Armed Forces of giving a commander in the field his mission and his forces and allowing him to carry on, leaving much initiative to him. But to MacArthur that could mean going just as far as he pleased, regardless of the political, and frequently of the military, consequences of his actions.

The Inchon landing had been a huge success and soon the North Korean front about Pusan collapsed and a rapid withdrawal of the North Koreans occurred. MacArthur pursued vigorously, made another landing on the east side of the Korean Peninsula at Wonsan, and in short order his columns neared the Yalu, far beyond the 38th parallel, the original boundary of South Korea.

When I finished reading Manchester's biography of MacArthur, I found myself drawn back to Alun Chalfont's study of Field Marshal Montgomery, *Montgomery of Alamein*. I knew Montgomery well; he was a very complex man. He had a particular difficulty in getting along with his peers, and especially those in higher command posts. As Chalfont describes it, "The . . . legacy of childhood which emotionally shackled his later life and influenced his public personality was the inability to form close friendships with his contemporaries and his equals." Montgomery had very serious contradictions in his makeup. He was frequently in conflict with his superiors, but he was greatly admired by those junior to him. Of course, they were worlds apart as soldiers, and unlike Montgomery, MacArthur was truly a great captain. But both seemed to seek opposition and to test their mettle against it. Chalfont attributed Montgomery's attitude to his boyhood upbringing. MacArthur was to say in the later years of his life that his mother had pushed him too hard. Actually, his mother went to West Point with him. She stayed at the hotel on Trophy Point directly across the Plain, a half mile distant from MacArthur's barracks. As Manchester tells it, she could see if the light was on in his room at night and thus know whether or not he was up late studying. MacArthur lived with the awareness that his father, Arthur MacArthur, had been relieved from command after trouble with his civilian superior, a future president, William Howard Taft. Douglas, urged on by the prodding of his mother, set out to succeed at all costs. In combat he constantly sought danger in battle and exposed himself recklessly many times. When asked about this, he said that if he exposed himself to small arms fire, the colonels would do likewise and soon the junior officers. But at no time is there any account of him talking to the soldiers in the front-line foxholes; he did not ask them about their food, their ammunition supply; how their weapons were working; or how much support they could expect, etc. At least there is no record of such a thing. Instead, he behaved as though he were on stage and was there to be seen, posing and being defiant against the enemy. Frequently, he was accompanied by a doctor from his headquarters, Dr. Roger O. Egeberg. Dr. Egeberg asked him about the risks that he took and MacArthur explained that if he did it the colonels would do it, etc. He was not satisfied, however, and continued to brood about the general's motive. Manchester asked Dr. Robert Byck, professor of clinical psychiatry and pharmacology at Yale Medical School, for an explanation of MacArthur's recklessness. He replied in one word, "Suicidal." I do not believe for a moment that MacArthur sought to commit suicide, but that he courted death on the battlefield seems clear. It is interesting, also, to conjecture about the motive that drove MacArthur to almost certain political suicide. His relations with President Truman consisted of challenging the president, then explaining that he was in agreement, and then renewing the conflict by a more bizarre challenge. So difficult did their relations become that Truman was practically forced to relieve him of command, which he did, and should have done. Even after he returned to the United States,

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MacArthur seemed to pursue political goals, goals that became more farfetched and unacceptable to the American public with each public speech. His behavior in both battle and in public life seemed difficult to rationalize, and it deserves a more thorough examination than Manchester gives to it. Nevertheless, he has written a tremendous book and the research behind it is awesome. The complexities in MacArthur's character, his great intelligence, his unbounded energy and competitive drive, all contributed to an extraordinary life of achievement. Manchester describes it best in these words:

If MacArthur is to be seen in the round, the magnitude of this viceregal triumph, and those which followed it in Tokyo during the postwar years, must be grasped and understood as expressions of the very hub of his character. During his lifetime, his admirers saw only his victories; his critics saw only his defeats. What neither appreciated was that identical traits led to his winnings and his losses. His hauteur, his willingness to defy his superiors, his fascination with the political process, his contempt for vacillation—these would be his undoing in the end. But along the way they reaped historic fruit.

James M. Gavin

Lieutenant General James M. Gavin, USA Retired, is former chairman of the board and currently a director of Arthur D. Little, Inc. He is the author of *On To Berlin* (Viking Press).

Homosexualities: A Study of Diversity Among Men and Women by Alan P. Bell and Martin S. Weinberg

(Simon & Schuster; $12.95)

It is a pleasant function of the majority in any culture to view its own sexual behavior as morally ordained and utterly natural while viewing alternative sexual behavior as just the opposite. Thus, homosexuality will be seen as sinful by some members of the majority, unnatural by others, and merely sick by the more enlightened, who have shed the ecumenical version of sex and adopted the medical model. But the unkindest view of all, at least in a technological culture like ours, will be held by those people who see variant sex not as immoral, unnatural or sick but as something that *simply doesn't work.* Applying the pragmatic tests of convenience, satisfaction or stability, they will conclude that being homosexual means estrangement from the chief pleasures of life, that—indeed—gay people cannot possibly experience joys as simple as a family picnic or as complex as an enduring marriage.

These observers, whose tolerance for homosexuality may be high—even verging on acceptance—may regret that this is so, and go out of their way to avoid adding to the afflictions endured by their homosexual contemporaries. But the fact remains that to them being gay means life in a narrow sexual and emotive ghetto, removed from the risks and responsibilities of American life.

A good example of such an attitude was expressed by Henry Fairlie in a recent issue of this journal ("The Real Life of Women," August 26). Deploring the lack of true "merriment" among gay people, Fairlie condemns them as "women and men who are fleeing the war of the sexes, who will not engage in the complexity which a genuine relationship between the sexes will always ask, who refuse the depth of commitment which is demanded by such an engagement, who will not consider the possibility of placing an unconditional value on one other person in their lives." He winds up by classifying homosexual existence as "the ultimate starving of life."

Although *Homosexualities* by Bell and Weinberg, an official publication of The Institute for Sex Research, has many virtues, the greatest is probably that the book gives the lie to this image of homosexuals as dysfunctionals—whether sexual, social or psychological. It will make it difficult (though never impossible, alas) for social critics like Fairlie, George Gilder, Norman Podhoretz or Alfred Kazin to cast lesbians and gay men in the role of metaphorical miscreants, to trivialize both their history and their pain, and to assign them handy symbolic roles as corrupters of the young and general contributors to social decay. In effect, the demonizing of homosexuality which has recently been popular among certain intellectuals can now be countered on the basis of a huge fund of data, laboriously accumulated and tabulated over a decade. What the data show, in a nutshell, is that homosexual adults who have come to terms with their sexual dispensation "are no more distressed psychologically than are their heterosexual peers," do not conform to the hideous stereotypes circulating about them, and in fact, could serve as "models of social comportment and psychological maturity." In no way, the researchers conclude, do gay people reflect "any malevolent influence on society."

Thus the book, without much fuss or rhetoric, and in the grayest of prose, returns lesbians and gay men to the human community, indicating on the basis of 1500 lengthy interviews that most homosexuals lead reasonably fulfilling lives and are as accessible to the joys of existence as are their hetero contemporaries. The study proposes the less-than-radical notion that happy and useful people tend to be so no matter what they do in bed, nor with whom, and that unhappy people end up the same way. That the result of ten years' research should turn out to be a truism of the kind that any good novelist could flesh out in a year or less is rather a sad commentary on the cumbersome procedures of the social scientists. Nevertheless, given our respect for "objectivity," and the fact that one orthodoxy can be overturned only by another, there is simply no substitute for this kind of publishing event. It will convince those whom common sense and the simple evidence of their eyes will not: that, in the words of the researchers, "homosexuality is not necessarily related to pathology."

Interestingly, it was Kinsey himself

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who first expressed his intention of studying homosexuals in greater depth, to determine their sexual, social and psychological dimensions. His death precluded this, but when the National Institute of Mental Health decided to stage an in-depth study of the subject, they called on Kinsey's professional heirs. This was in 1967. In 1970 a large-scale survey was set up in San Francisco and the Bay Area. More than 5000 respondents, male and female, black and white, were auditioned. Of these, 1500 were chosen as most statistically representative for final interviewing from a questionnaire 175 pages long.

The investigation started from a premise quite different from that of previous studies: that homosexual persons differ not only from heterosexuals *but from each other.* The focus would be on diversity, or intergroup comparison with the gay sample. Only after that would the gay respondents be compared with their heterosexual counterparts. Thus the questionnaire was designed to reflect not only sexual components but also social and psychological correlates. By probing these, a more subtle and complex picture of homosexual life would emerge—a picture that moves out of the bedroom and into offices, churches, political parties, sports, entertainment, and self-image.

A great many myths about homosexual behavior and values are punctured by the findings. Contrary to popular belief, these respondents were not constantly on the lookout for sex, nor were they obsessed with it. Virtually all the males had been involved in a steady relationship with one partner, as had the women. These affairs, though shorter-lived than that of heterosexuals, involved "an emotional exchange and commitment similar to the kinds that heterosexuals experience." When relationships ended, most embarked on subsequent affairs, suggesting a parallel with remarriage after divorce for heterosexuals "rather than any particular emotional immaturity or maladjustment."

In the non-sexual area, it was found that these lesbians and gay men derived as much satisfaction from their jobs as did straights, held them as long, had rather more friends, had largely rejected organized religion (perhaps due to the church's rejection of *them*), were somewhat apathetic politically, scored higher on an "exuberance measure" than did heteros, and classified themselves in general as "pretty happy."

Since one of the tasks the authors set themselves was to differentiate one homosexual from another, it was logical that they would derive from their findings a theory of homosexual types. No one had tried to do this on a grand scale before, with the result that homosexuals were generally lumped under a sexual label that overshadowed all their other activities. Here the authors clustered the data in various ways to come up with a profile of five general types: close-coupled (or "happily married"); open-coupled (loosely bonded); functional ("swinging singles"); dysfunctional (troubled, self-hating); and asexual. The first three types they consider to be happy, useful and self-accepting. The latter two would be called clinically disturbed.

By comparing the first three groups with similar heterosexuals, a very different picture of gay life emerges from the one we have been shown in the past, which was largely based on the clinical records of people in the negative categories. Close Couples and Open Couples behave much like married heterosexuals. Functionals are a happy-go-lucky bunch, uncomplaining, not easily ruffled and very sociable. The Dysfunctionals and Asexuals have "a difficult time," but the authors point out there are equivalent groups among heterosexuals. Classifying gay people by type enables the authors to conclude that most homosexuals and most heterosexuals are similar in all dimensions except the sexual one—a finding that would have been impossible had the sorting not taken place. Summing up, they declare that no one can describe a person's sexual orientation with a single noun: there are "homosexualities" just as there are "heterosexualities," and a prescriptive or monolithic view of either one can lead to much psychological pain and social injustice.

In reorganizing the boundaries of the homosexual experience, the authors have performed an invaluable service for jurists, employers, educators, legislators and other social engineers. However, they have fallen into a few new traps which are worth mentioning.

First among these is the matter of a time lag. The study was started in 1967, the first respondents scouted in 1969, but the study not published until 1978. That decade has been an important one for gay people, since it marked the birth not only of the feminist movement but of gay activism, some legislative successes, creation of a gay press, many gay professional organizations, gay churches, plus an outpouring of books on the subject of homosexuality. During that time, the American Psychiatric Association, in a vote of its membership, removed the classification of mental illness from its description of homosexuality—a step with wide therapeutic significance.

None of the people interviewed in this study had the benefit of living through these events. Last June 25, on the anniversary of the Stonewall riot which began the gay movement in 1969, a quarter-million homosexual women and men took to the streets of San Francisco. It was without doubt the largest assembly of homosexual people in the history of the planet and documented a consciousness absent from the human histories given here. Homosexuality, like any major cross-cultural event, cannot be fixed for all time. It intersects with social and psychological events, with the political climate, with cultural contexts. Like heterosexuality, it will reflect rituals, patterns and attitudes that are reinvented every few years, and are no less potent and obligatory for being intrasexual. The delays in developing this study for publication have seriously worked against its current relevance, despite the authors' claims to the contrary. Not all gay people have changed in the last decade, but many of them have—enough, I suspect, to make a significant difference today.

Another problem is the prevailing dryness of the treatment. The research gives us no feeling for the dynamics, the interactions of the lives described. There are no case histories. Although some of the questions asked were open-ended, there are only brief and unenlightening answers. The study is narrow and "inartistic"—which is not the complaint of a thwarted humanist but of one who believes that the social sciences, in the hands of adepts like Oscar Lewis and Margaret Mead, can deliver the rich panoply of life without sacrificing rigor.

A third criticism centers on the typology the authors have developed. Although five types of homosexual are a lot better than one stereotype, there are dangers in any taxonomy of human beings. The classifications of 1969 may not be useful in 1979, not only because social and political conditions have changed but because typologies themselves tend to break down over the long run. By solidifying new boundaries to homosexuality, which are only a little less imaginary than the old boundaries, the authors may have decreed a new set of rigidities. Using these archetypes, observers may be able to avoid confron-

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ting the homosexual experience, in all its complexity, just as they have done in the past. Once again the map—in this case, five maps—will come to stand for the territory.

These caveats aside, *Homosexualities* must be praised for many things: for its generous questioning of old assumptions, its sincere attempt to be thorough, its refusal to play the reductionist game, and its unequivocal linking of social attitudes with psychological pain. The evangelists and critics who take the trouble to read it should find it harder to include gays in their future demonologies. On the contrary, they may come to believe, with Bell and Weinberg, that variant sexuality, far from being a starvation diet, can be an energizing and enriching force in countless lives.

Richard Hall

Richard Hall, author of *The Butterscotch Prince* (Pyramid), is contributing editor for books for *The Advocate* and a member of the National Book Critics Circle.

Dancer from the Dance by Andrew Holleran

(William Morrow and Co.; $9.95)

Dancer from the Dance is a homosexual novel, and who wants to read homosexual novels? Homosexuals, naturally. But I can't imagine anyone—anyone who has read a novel, that is—not enjoying this book, which is beautifully written, singleminded and at once evocative and hilarious. It is also a novel of some political consequence. If I am not mistaken, it marks an important shift in the homosexual community's self-image, a kind of coming of age, in which concerns of political expediency have been set aside for the sake of art. Some might be inclined to call the book premature or disloyal, and they have good cause, because in one respect it plays right into the hands of reactionaries: it acknowledges a politically damaging fact about homosexual life, namely that it is narcissistic. But here that fact achieves the pathos of a great historical mistake, without which humanity might be happier but almost certainly poorer. *Dancer from the Dance,* one might say, is a post-liberation document. It lacks political shrewdness—it tells the truth.

If I were not afraid of scaring off readers I would say that it is a novel of ideas, in the tradition of *The Magic Mountain.* Through its two principal characters—an outrageous middle-aged queen named Sutherland and a handsome ingenue, Malone—it examines the proposition that homosexual life substitutes beauty for happiness. The author's preoccupation with this idea has led to an occasional weakening of the characters themselves. I found this especially true of Malone, the repressed young man who, under Sutherland's tutelage (Sutherland is a kind of Settembrini, but with the values of Oscar Wilde), is transformed, as he puts it himself, into a "professional faggot." Innocence and jadedness coexist in Malone right to the very end, and one experiences less a development of character than the simple superimposition of one personality on another. Yet even when Holleran's creations seem incredible, they nonetheless tell a truth, reveal a tendency, represent an ideal (or unideal) type. Their self-consciousness, vanity, and sheer physicality ("These people are primarily a visual people. They are designers, window dressers, models, photographers, graphic artists.") are, according to enlightened opinion, fabrications of the enemy, or, to the extent they exist, the pathology of an oppressed class. Homosexuals, we know, are really just like everybody else, or would be, if only they were left alone. Holleran's novel is a brilliant rebuttal of this liberal trivialization. Here homosexuals have a style and tragedy of their own, which make them infinitely more interesting and valuable than those bland creatures who differ from their fellow men only in their sexual preference. The novel celebrates homosexual narcissism—that love of one's own body that is the obvious corollary to the love of one's own sex.

The novel, significantly, is almost entirely apolitical. On the next to last page reference is made to a gay rights parade. But the author is characteristically unengaged: "That day we marched to Central Park and found ourselves in a sea of humanity, how stunned I was to recognize no more than four or five faces." Most of his friends, he comments, were at the beach tanning themselves. This absence of political consciousness, while regrettable on one level, at the same time testifies to a new confidence. The novel isn't the slightest bit apologetic; there is no sense among the characters of answering to anyone beyond themselves. They may be tragic, but they are never pathetic. Sutherland in particular has no use for self-pity. When asked if he does not sometimes loathe being gay, he responds, "If Helen Keller could get through life, we certainly can." It is appropriate that *Dancer from the Dance* should appear in the wake of Fran Lebowitz's satire on homosexual life, "Notes on 'Trick,'" which has been received with surprising cordiality by gays, suggesting an unexpected security in a style of sexual life that makes no pretense to modeling itself on traditional heterosexual values.

This is a first novel, and it sometimes shows signs of less than perfect control. There are repetitions that a good editor would have banished; the narrative voice is inconsistent (halfway through it

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shifts from I to we, only to shift back again); and the narrator himself is too much in the story not to be more fully developed. Holleran tries to correct this last defect by beginning and ending the novel with a series of letters between the author (who closely resembles Sutherland) and a friend, Paul, who might be described as Malone liberated from New York City. The letters themselves are wonderful, but they don't really solve the structural difficulty in the body of the novel. One could also complain that the literary references in the text—to St. Augustine, Keats, or, as in the title, to Yeats—give all too transparent evidence of the novel's determination to be intellectually serious. Not that they are inappropriate, but a more experienced writer would have integrated these references into the text in order to avoid any suggestion of pretentiousness.

These are minor faults. Much more important are the author's surefootedness in describing a particular culture, his moral and esthetic poise, and his uncanny ability to combine emotional abandon and high comedy. He has captured with wonderful accuracy a possibility of the human condition that homosexuals have explored most profoundly: "Beauty—that oddest, most irrational of careers." What the Jews have done for the life of the mind, the French for food, and the Protestants for capitalism, homosexuals have done for the body. In Andrew Holleran they have found a worthy memorialist.

Paul Robinson

Paul Robinson teaches history at Stanford University.

Now and Then: Poems 1976-1978 by Robert Penn Warren

(Random House; $8.95)

Warren's epigraph, from Second Isaiah, is "let the inhabitants of the rock sing. . . ." Warren, himself past 70, heeds two other admonitions of the same text: "Sing unto the Lord a new song" and "Let them shout from the top of the mountains." I can think of no other living poet writing in English who has the authority to sustain so consciously Sublime a stance, but the author of *Selected Poems: 1923-1975* has earned his solitary eminence.

The three dozen new poems of *Now and Then* add at least the following to the Warren canon: "Evening Hour," which is Warren's version of Wordsworth's "Boy of Winander"; "Red-tail Hawk and Prye of Youth," which is a deliberate and overwhelming self-interpretation of this poet's obsessive hawk-imagery; and several lyrics memorializing moments of vision—"Mountain Plateau," "Heat Wave Breaks," and most remarkably "Heart of Autumn," which ends the book. But the quality of achievement is consistent almost throughout these poems. Like Hardy, Yeats and Stevens, Warren is at his strongest past 70. He is now achieving the height in verse that Faulkner did in prose, though we are slow to recognize this.

Warren's early verse stemmed from Eliot's, and not at all from Frost's or from Stevens's, and I cannot recall that Warren ever has written or said a favorable sentence about Emerson. But more than Eliot or Tate among the anti-Emersonians, Warren battles the Emersonian prophecies about the American poet with the sad and formidable inner knowledge that Emerson, like Wordsworth, is inescapable. *Now and Then* is a book of American Romantic Poetry, as Romantic as Hart Crane. Warren is hardly seeking to adjust his individual talent to tradition. He is taking his stance, not as an ironist or as a reductionist of any kind but as a seer whose synecdoches mount through controlled hyperbole to an ever-early vision. Only 10 of the new poems are grouped as the nostalgic "Then"; all the rest are part of a speculative and so prophetic "Now," the admonition to turn now, as at the close of "Heat Wave Breaks":

Will you wake when clouds roll and the roil and lightning make
Again wet leaves twirl on their stems in the green-flaming glare,
And blasphemy of thunder makes the mountain quake?
For what should we pray to our God in the rumble and flare?
That the world stab anew to our hearts in the lightning-stricken air?

The burden of Warren's prophecy is morally very harsh, because his vision of

Robert Penn Warren by Nancy Crampton

God, though personal and undogmatic, is uniquely devoted to an unforgiving spirit, who sees and knows all and is incapable of pity or pardon. An immanent and temporal godhead, exalting its own history, is thus opposed to the transcendental, atemporal Gnosis of Emerson, who denied that history even existed. Ideologically the clash is straightforward and very fierce, and I vote for Emerson, but the poetic mode that helps give Warren his force is uneasily indebted to Emerson's tradition. Part of the fascination of Warren's late phase, for a Romantic critic, is to watch the struggle within the poetry between its purposes and its rhetoric, for the rhetoric increasingly is High Romantic. Not that Warren, who seems to know everything a poet can know, does not know all this. A strong, firm poem in tercets, "Rather Like a Dream," which I admire intensely but reluctantly, without affection, seeks to demystify Wordsworth at his uncanniest. Remembering Wordsworth's own remarks upon the "Intimations of Immortality" Ode, Warren acknowledges the same felt impulse, reaching out "To touch stone or tree to confirm/His own reality." But the impulse in Warren becomes the dialectical reverse, a knowledge of mortality. The Romantic intuition is acknowledged, but the interpretation is usurped, almost convincingly.

I find it disconcertingly impressive

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that in "Evening Hour," an even more eloquent poem, Warren should have written what may be the most Wordsworthian lyric of our century, which would have adorned the *Lyrical Ballads*. Recalling a graveyard in which he played as a boy, Warren muses back until the epiphany of his own poetic incarnation is made manifest to him, as surprising now as it was when he was a child:

Not morbid, nor putting two and two together
To make any mystic, or fumblingly philosophical,
Four, he sometimes kept waiting, if decent the weather,
In a lonely way, arrowheads forgotten, till all

The lights of the town had come on. He did not know
Why the lights, so familiar, now seemed so far away,
And more than once felt the crazy impulse grow
To lay ear to earth for what voices beneath might say.

The language partly disowns the remembered experience, which is the intuition of poetic power, yet Warren affirms more than he feels easy at affirming. He has attained a kind of poignance that I think has to be called noble, as when in "Mountain Plateau" he contrasts his poetic voice to the capable cry and up-thrust gleam of a solitary crow:

I can make no answer
To the cry from the immense distance,

My eyes fill with tears. I have lived
Long without being able
To make adequate communication.

If Warren's obsessive bird imagery is contrasted with Yeats's, the particular achievement of the later poet is clarified. He lacks the full power of the Yeatsian identification with the brute blood of the air, and he lacks also Yeats's Gnostic sense of freedom from time's tyranny. Warren cannot exhilarate us with the conviction of an occult knowledge. But his more vulnerable Sublime can persuade use, in ways that Yeats cannot. Watching the wild geese go over, in the marvelous "Heart of Autumn," Warren feels his estrangement from their "imperial utterance," but gives us a final vision of an even more deeply moving Sublime:

I have known time and distance, but not why I am here.

Path of logic, path of folly, all
The same—and I stand, my face lifted now skyward.
Hearing the high beat, my arms outstretched in the tingling
Process of transformation, and soon tough legs,

With folded feet, trail in the sounding vacuum of passage,
And my heart is impacted with a fierce impulse
To unwordable utterance—
Toward sunset, at a great height.

That last line is Warren's achieved stance, the signature of our wounded and still vital poetic tradition.

Harold Bloom

Harold Bloom's first novel, *The Flight to Lucifer: A Fantasy of the Gnosis*, will be published next spring.

Last Laugh

The little Sam Clemens, one night back in Hannibal,
Peeped through the dining-room keyhole, to see, outspread
And naked, the father split open, lights, liver, and all
Spilling out from that sack of mysterious pain, and the head

Sawed through, where his Word, like God's, held its deepest den,
And candlelight glimmered on blood-slick, post-mortem steel,
And the the two dead fish-eyes stared steadily ceilingward—well, then,
If you yourself were, say, twelve, just how would you feel?

Oh, not that you'd loved him—that ramrod son of Virginia,
Though born for success, failing westward bitterly on.
"Armed truce"—that was all, years later, you could find to say in you.
But still, when a father's dead, an umbrella's gone

From between the son and the direful elements.
No, Sam couldn't turn from the keyhole. It's not every night
You can see God butchered in such learned dismemberments,
And when the chance comes you should make the most of the sight.

Though making the most, Sam couldn't make terms with the fact
Of the strangely prismatic glitter that grew in his eye,
Or climbing the stairs, why his will felt detached from the act,
Or why stripping for bed, he stared so nakedly

At the pore little body and thought of the slick things therein.
Then he wept on the pillow, surprised at what he thought grief,
Then fixed eyes at darkness while, slow, on his face grew a grin,
Till suddenly something inside him burst with relief,

Like a hog-bladder blown up to bust when the hog-killing frost
Makes the brats' holiday. So took then to laughing and could not
Stop, and so laughed himself to sleep. At last,
Far off in Nevada, by campfire or sluice or gulch-hut,

Or in roaring S.F., in an acre of mirror and gilt,
Where the boys with the dust bellied-up, he'd find words come,
His own face stiff as a shingle, and him little-built.
Then whammo!—the back-slapping riot. He'd stand, looking dumb.

God was dead, for a fact. He knew, in short, the best joke.
He had learned its thousand forms, and since the dark stair-hall
Had learned what was worth more than bullion or gold-dust-plump poke.
And married rich, too, with an extra spin to the ball;

For Livy loved God, and he'd show her the joke, how they lied.
Quite a tussle it was, but hot deck or cold, he was sly
And won every hand but the last. Then at her bedside
He watched dying eyes stare up at a comfortless sky,

And was left alone with his joke, God dead, till he died.

from Now and Then: Poems 1976-1978 *by Robert Penn Warren*

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Child Abuse
by Ruth S. and C. Henry Kempe
from The Developing Child Series

(Harvard University Press; $7.95)

This is a disturbing book and the sense of alarm is there from one's first glance at the front jacket. For the illustration, in color, is a close-up view of a battered face—the visage of a toy doll, not of a real child. There are long cracks running downward from the doll's eyes, and along its cheeks; they look like streams of tears, or stigmata. There is a deep hole in the chin, just below the toy baby's pretty bow lips, that seems almost shocking—like an open and untended wound. And the eyes, staring blankly, give mute but forceful testimony to the plaything-like quality, the inability to speak on his or her own behalf, the helplessness and fragility of the human child.

Pediatrician-psychiatrist Dr. Ruth S. Kempe and pediatrician-microbiologist Dr. C. Henry Kempe have given us a remarkably wise and compassionate book on a difficult and thorny subject. This is, in my opinion, the best work in the series on *The Developing Child* to have appeared thus far. For *Child Abuse* is not just a roundup of research and information on a particular topic, with the somewhat dry air of the "full and complete report." The authors are not only knowledgeable; they communicate warmth and empathy. And in the main, they write awfully well. They even manage to tread down some very familiar pathways (for example, in a discussion of the oft-repeated observation that the abusing parent tends to *have been*, once upon a time, the abused child) and point out aspects of the problem that are fresh, clarifying and enlightening.

Of course the term "child abuse," as the Kempes note, tends to signify physical violence that is perpetrated by parent or caretaker upon the defenseless young. But outright physical harm (such as head injury, burns, bruises, fracture, poisoning) is only one category of abusive behavior; there are other types of abuses perpetrated upon children. These may be subsumed, suggest the physicians, under three other general categories: Neglect, Emotional Abuse, and Sexual Exploitation. Any of these forms of mistreatment, or indeed any combination of them, can inflict horrible and occasionally irreparable harm. Child abuse, whether or not it involves actual violence, is something that ultimately "involves a hurt child."

As the writers, both well-known authorities in the field of child protection, observe, the line between the categories of abuse can be a rather hazy one. For example, feeding a young infant large adult doses of sedatives in order to stop him from crying is different from raining blows upon the baby's head in order to silence the crying. But what constitutes the distinction between inadequate or bizarre parenting (i.e., neglect) and clear-cut physical abuse?

Neglect is, in general, the more passive mode of mistreating a young child. The term implies, according to the Kempes, "the failure of the parent to act properly in safeguarding the health, safety and well-being" of the dependent offspring. In some instances "neglect" may involve nothing more complex than simply not giving the infant enough food—an extremely serious matter, for it may lead to a syndrome known as failure to thrive, a potentially life-threatening condition. Babies suffering from failure to thrive stop gaining weight; their growth processes become severely inhibited; and they can waste away and die.

A third type of child abuse, emotional abuse, usually exists in tandem with physical kinds of abuse. But it may occur in the absence of any violent acts and inflict just as much harm upon the immature, still unfolding personality. Flagrant cases of this, as described by the writers, are children left locked in attics. But: ". . .far more common are the subtle forms of emotional abuse in which a child is continually terrorized, berated, or rejected."

The fourth category of abuse to be considered is the sexual exploitation of children. This is so problematic an area that a full chapter is given over to consideration of the topic. Cases of child rape, molestation and incest are not, it appears, the rarities that most people assume them to be. If they come to light at all, (which many never do), it tends to be many years after the act or acts have occurred: of all crimes against children, sexual ones are the most notoriously under-reported. Thus, while sexual abuses against children are reported at some 150 times per million population, the Kempes believe the real incidence of such crimes may be on the order of 10 times higher!

The reason for the consistent under-reporting is that the victim of a crime such as incest is too fearful, and too ashamed to bring the facts of the situation to light. It could well propel the entire family into social and economic disaster; to the child, it seems as if it would be betrayal. And when incest occurs over a long period of time there is often long-standing family collusion and support. In cases of incest between father and daughter, it is the mother who—whether actively or passively—frequently has played a facilitative role. This is especially true, write the Kempes, if the mother herself is "frigid, rejected sexually, or. . . promiscuous." She sees her own daughter as someone who can provide a more attractive sexual bond for holding on to "her man"—whom she's frantically anxious to hold on to, and upon whom she is extremely dependent. The parents' rationalizations of the situation can be preposterous; the Kempes quote such statements as: "I only wanted to show her how to do it" and "He just needs a lot of sex." One young woman, described in these pages, had been told by her mother that by sleeping with the father she was keeping the family together, and that the younger siblings would be "forever grateful to her for having prevented a divorce."

Given the acts of lunatic parenting and the chaotic family situations that they encounter—and on a routine, daily basis—the Kempes must be commended for their genuine empathy and the fact that no anti-parent invective, no bitterness, invades their writing. (The most that they ever permit themselves is a mild irony.) In a chapter on the abusing parent, they even manage to arouse some feeling for this creature who has been "caught" in a behavior pattern that has been too well-learned—a pattern

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played out generation after generation. The physicians' concern is to intervene beforehand, to break the cycle of repeating violence. And wonder of wonders, in the closing sections of their book, the Kempes do set out a series of elegant and (it seemed to me) eminently sensible suggestions for doing so! This is an excellent book on the mistreatment of the young—and on their mistreating parents.

Maggie Scarf

Maggie Scarf is the author of *Body, Mind, Behavior* (New Republic Books).

Sunset at Blandings
by P.G. Wodehouse

(Simon and Schuster; $8.95)

When he died in 1975 at the age of 93, P.G. Wodehouse was almost as rich in novels as in years (not to mention hundreds of short stories, many plays and lyrics for musicals, a great number of other casual pieces, and two stints in Hollywood): a life's work rivaling that of any Victorian by a writer who celebrates the idle young men of the Drones Club and the pleasures of a shady hammock at Blandings Castle. Now we have his last, posthumous work, an unfinished and inferior product in itself, but an occasion to honor the great man's achievement. *Sunset at Blandings* is actually only the preliminary typescript of the first 16 chapters (out of a planned 22), with the author's somewhat contradictory plans for ending and revising the work, plus notes and appendixes by Richard Usborne.

The material of the novel will be familiar to readers of previous episodes of the Blandings "saga" (altogether, 12 novels and 10 short stories). A young woman is shipped off to the security of Blandings to keep her from a poor suitor who arrives under an assumed name (elsewhere we are told that Blandings Castle has impostors the way other houses have mice); confusions, thefts, and discoveries ensue until finally love triumphs. Wodehouse has produced magic from this formula before, but not here. The writing lacks the sparkle and stylistic fullness of earlier volumes in which, according to Evelyn Waugh, are found "on average three uniquely brilliant and entirely original similes to each page."

The plot also fails to thicken into the nimble twists of old, nor is there a single memorable minor character here to rank with such past notables as the Efficient Baxter, the allegedly bad Bart, Sir Gregory "Tubby" Parsloe-Parsloe, or the disloyal George Cyril Wellbeloved, the Communist pigman. Even the major characters fail to satisfy. Lord Emsworth seems almost alert, while his Bohemian brother, Galahad, who has nothing but rosy health and a noble heart to show for a lifetime of wine, chorus girls, and pranks, is not his usual clever self. Worst of all the Empress of Blandings, that "pig supreme," has retired and no longer competes for the Fat Pigs medal in the Shropshire Agricultural Show. All is in decline.

Yet any severe judgment would be unfair. The editor admits that only the skeleton of the final product was completed, little more than a fuller version of the scenario the author prepared for each novel. With Wodehouse at his best, as with the Empress herself, it is the fat alone that counts; but here the story seems almost to be taken seriously, as if the resolution of the plot and not its decoration mattered most. When Gally responds to praise of one of his tales, the author might almost be commenting on his own performance: "I was not at my best, I fear. One gets a bit rusty as the years go by. Still it got over alright."

This book will certainly be alright to the reader who already loves Wodehouse, but the uninitiated must be warned that *Sunset at Blandings* is not a good or even genuine Wodehouse novel. Wodehouse's own notes and plans for revision are chiefly interesting for how little they tell us about his art. Brief and purely practical, they identify what needs to be done (("can be improved") without revealing how. Richard Usborne, with great seriousness, litters the text with footnotes which, when pursued to the end of the volume, often say no more than that Wodehouse has erred in a reference to classical mythology. To adapt a favorite Wodehouse quotation, it is often a mistake to give to airy nothing a local habitation and a name. The novels themselves have created the timeless, Edenic world of Blandings Castle, to which maps and other scholarly apparatus are as irrelevant as a topographical survey of Shakespeare's Forest of Arden.

Sunset at Blandings is chiefly useful for reminding us, if only negatively, how good Wodehouse can be at his best. In his earlier Blandings novels, as in the more famous Jeeves series, he creates some of the cleverest and yet gentlest comedy in English. This book shows that his vision ran pure to the end, with no trace of the bizarre and cruel strains found in modern humorists like Twain or Thurber. In his own way, Wodehouse clearly is a genius. This may seem too much to claim for a mere writer of funny books, "the performing flea" of English literature as Sean O'Casey sneered (an epithet which Wodehouse promptly used as the title for an autobiographical work), but it can be argued that with very few exceptions (Milton is perhaps

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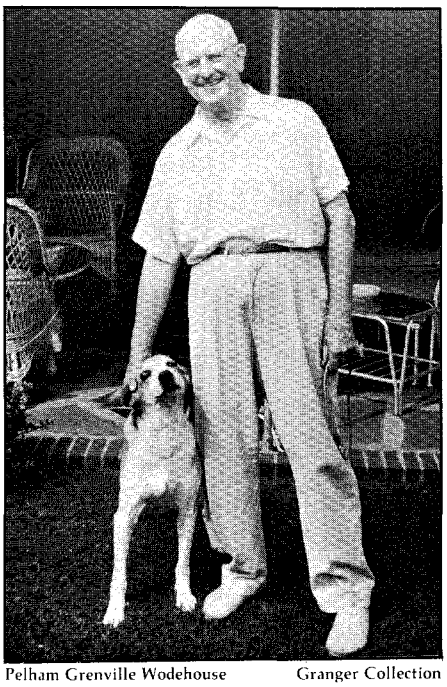
the most obvious), the central tradition of English literature, from Chaucer through Shakespeare to Dickens, is a



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comic one. In fact, a good Blandings novel, in its complex plotting, generous humor, happy ending, and absolute command of language, suggests the happiest creation of Chaucer, his *Nun's Priest's Tale*; just as the Empress of Blandings is surely the most delightful animal in our literature since Chanticleer.

It would be interesting to know how 20th-century English literature will look a century or so from now; I suspect that P.G. Wodehouse will be ranked a good deal higher than many of the writers currently taken seriously by academic critics. Surely his craft will be appreciated—not only the inventive similes praised by Waugh, but also his mastery of sustained dialogue, and his ability to mix cliché and familiar quotation, English rotundity and American slang into a style that is at once full of comfortable echoes and uniquely his own. *Sunset at Blandings* barely hints at these achievements. For the great Wodehouse read *Something New*, *Pigs Have Wings*, or *Full Moon* in the Blandings series, or the Jeeves book *Joy in the Morning* or *The Code of the Woosters*. Then keep reading around in his enormously rich output. For if Wodehouse wrote nothing serious, as the title of one of his books has it, it is equally true that everything he finished was good.

C. David Benson

C. David Benson teaches literature at the University of Colorado at Boulder.

Brief Reviews

Current Fiction

Hot Stuff
by Sam Koperwas
(E.P. Dutton; $8.95)

Albie Block's education at Brooklyn College is conducted in the cafeteria, not the classroom. There he sells bootleg cigarettes to construction workers, faculty and students. In addition to having cornered that market, he defrauds insurance companies, robs stores, and fences everything from carving knives to sparkling wine. He lives alone and drives a van with a waterbed in the back and *Harriet's Diaper Service* painted on the side. Attending a biology lecture for only the second time all term, he admires Norma, a fellow sophomore, and flips her a note: "Dear big-chested girl. . . ." They rendezvous and Norma, a spoiled girl from Great Neck, confesses that she's shoplifted satin underwear. He's poor, she's rich; thievery for both of them means self-esteem. Together they rob a dry-cleaning store. Meanwhile, Reese, a crooked cop, blackmails Albie into fronting an enormous shipment of cocaine for him. Albie falls into love and big trouble at the same time.

Hot Stuff is Sam Koperwas's second novel. As in his first, *Westchester Bull*, a first-person monologue about sports and family life, the language of *Hot Stuff* is muscular and frenetic. Its images are fresh and its dialogue wonderfully accurate to black, Jamaican and Jewish dialects. The combination of frenzy, humor and touching moments brings to mind the work of such writers as Stanley Elkin, Alan Sillitoe and Leonard Michaels, but Koperwas's vision is his own. Both of his novels include an exploration of the relationship between the protagonist's Jewish upbringing and his present dilemma (when Albie turned 13 his parents figured that with his fingerprints on file with the police he was mature enough not to need a bar-mitzvah to signal his manhood). Technically, *Hot Stuff* is less interesting than its predecessor, but since it is also less dominated by its protagonist, the minor characters emerge in more detail. Norma is terrified of both boredom and great change, and Albie's parents, Hank and Helen, are funny—Hank has left Judaism for Hare Krishna and bean sprouts; Helen tries to evoke guilt by reminding Albie that as a fetus he kicked her like a buffalo and was two weeks overdue—but they are not two-dimensional.

As a character study, *Hot Stuff* falls short of *Westchester Bull* because *Bull*'s protagonist, Ace, is pressed to desperation and comes to important conclusions, while Albie's story (along with Norma's, Hank's, and Helen's) ends rather lamely. As an exploration of the relationship between money and self-esteem, *Hot Stuff* is not fully realized. Norma, Albie's perfect foil, is absent for most of the book, and when she is there her personality is insufficiently probed. Hank is perhaps too shallow. Only Helen, who allows Albie to remodel her grocery store and then use it as a drug front because for the first time in her life business is good, is treated with depth. But as an entertainment, offering humor, lively writing, a narrative that never drags, and a modicum of meaning, *Hot Stuff* fulfills all expectations.

Marc Granetz

Marc Granetz is the John Harvard Scholar at Emmanuel College, Cambridge.

Continental Drift
by James D. Houston
(Knopf; $8.95)

> *His land, this land, actually began in the minds of men like Hernando Cortez. In the time before Cortez named California, the land was inhabited by cougar, deer, grizzlies, eagles, eventually by Indians. The land had not changed much, because those inhabitants had nothing to compare it to, no sense of other lands, small sense for other times.*

Thus muses Montrose Doyle, a middle-aged newspaper columnist who for most of his life has inhabited a house in the Santa Cruz Mountains seven miles east of Monterey Bay. A man with a strong sense of other places (the Cumberlands of East Tennessee where he was conceived just before his parents moved west) and a large sense for other times (his father's and grandfather's Appalachian past, and his own youth in Bakersfield), Doyle is the attractive main character of James Houston's subtly crafted new novel.

Continental Drift opens with Doyle's

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mediations on the paradoxes that abound in the western landscape, and the narrative, paradoxically, leads us in the relaxed manner for which the region is famous to feel the urgency behind California dreaming and our own dreams about California. It soon plunges us into a present that is as alarming as it is easy-going—the day when Doyle's second son, Travis, a disturbed Vietnam veteran, returns from Southeast Asia. It is also the day when dogs sniff out the first of a series of interred corpses along the San Andreas Fault, which runs through the Doyle property.

A newcomer to the region (a rich man's son named Larry Fowler who has come west like many before him, "hoping for some dramatic change in his life") tips off Doyle that some strange events at the commune where the murder victim lived and the suspicious activities of the local police may intersect in revelations of official scandal, skulduggery, and cultist crimes. Doyle is much more mystified by Travis's behavior ("His mind is elsewhere. He has not entirely landed."). The returning soldier has in tow a flirtatious international groupie named Crystal; but once he's back in town he pays more attention to his former high school friend, spaced-out Donald ("Radar") than to Crystal or his brother Grover who comes down from his mountain retreat to greet him.

At first Doyle sees no connection between the public disturbances (the murder and riotous citizens' meetings led by the contentious Fowler) and the pressure building up in his household. His loving, sensual wife Leona loudly voices her upset at Travis's condition. But Doyle, like the title of his charming thrice-weekly column (excerpts from which add pleasant rhythm to the narrative), takes things "One Day at a Time," until the volatile mood of his police sergeant friend Walter makes him suspicious of the official line on the recent killing. Is Fowler correct in his allegations about the police? Or is he also suspect? Does the Fault lie in "the six-hundred mile incision some careless surgeon stitched up across the surface" of the landscape? Or in themselves?

Houston dramatizes some powerful answers before the novel ends. Along the way he acutely renders the lore of the region—the redwood enclaves, abandoned mountain towns, the coast, rightists, faddists, Buddhists, the dress, the music, the codes, the endless freeway caravan of mutated autos and pickups, the look and smell, the very cell and bone-structure of northern California. It is all here, and it works.

His fusion of moral suspense and physical adventure, however, stands as his greatest triumph. In the evocative depiction of Montrose Doyle's struggle to keep his family intact in the midst of great psychological and physical danger, Houston has created a fictional state we recognize because we live there. He has given California a national habitation and a name.

Alan Cheuse

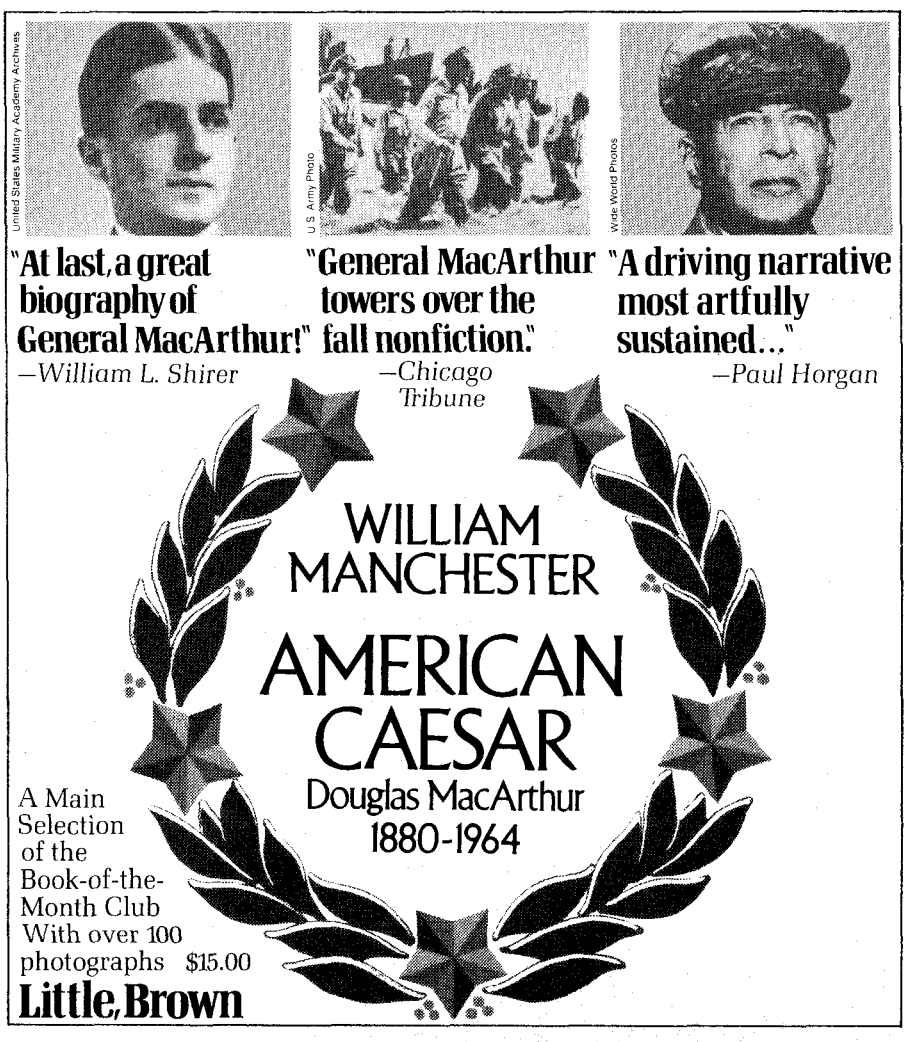
Alan Cheuse has written about contemporary fiction for *The Los Angeles Times, The Antioch Review,* and other publications.

The Last Magic
by N. Richard Nash
(Atheneum; $10.95)

When Richard Nash graduated from college in the 1930s, he borrowed tools and built his own theater. Like Thomas Hardy, an architect turned storyteller, Nash has a facile talent for plot carpentry, for using everything from cabbages to kings to make a satisfying mosaic, for being able to invent (as Edmund Wilson said of Compton Mackenzie) until the cows come home. Nash is a suspense novelist. Today's violence plays into his hands and lends an air of truth to episodes in his novels that a quieter age would have dismissed as lunatic or diabolic.

After 40 years of playwriting he wrote his first novel, *East Wind, Rain* (1977). Set in the Pearl Harbor of 1941, it tells of a young and likable US naval lieutenant who was castrated by a Japanese businessman frenzied with doubts of his wife's fidelity. A court frees the businessman for lack of evidence, thereby persuading the victim's relatives to set out on a course of vengeance filled with multiple traps for the avengers. A curious mixture of serious writing and redundant horror designed to drive weak-nerved readers up a wall, it nevertheless is an extraordinary first novel. It takes the measure, without preaching, of a whole way of life.

In *The Last Magic* Nash lets up on the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sensationalism—a trifle. His theme, all the same, betokens the ambitious writer: the ability of Catholicism to survive. As the story begins, Nash's unnamed Pope is dying. A likely successor, Cardinal Galestro, is attacked and crucified. This bizarre murder complicates the rivalry between liberal and reactionary churchmen and insures that Margotto will toss his cardinal's hat into the ring. Margotto would have been at home in the days of the Inquisition. He is rightist and an anti-Semite, and disaster must follow if he becomes Pope, for his blatant efforts to stamp out the reforms of John XXIII will dignify the cause of revolutionaries aiming at the dissolution of the Church.

Father Michael Farris, Nash's hero, is a 36-year-old liberal, a mystic and realist, a Joan of Arc without an army who would save the Church by astute politicking. Holding office in the Vatican under Cardinal Feradoti, Secretary of State, Michael believes the Church will be saved only if Feradoti is raised to the papal throne. To circumvent Feradoti's opponents Michael travels from Rome to Jerusalem and New York, running the gauntlet of fanatics who would assassinate him and coming off less triumphantly when he meets a Jewish prostitute who is a *summa cum laude* from a US university.

A Jewish heroine who has been "in analysis" is at least as credible as benevolent fictional strumpets who live by immoral codes. In the end, however, Nash is unable to avoid what might be called the Sonia Marmeladov motif: his prostitute, inspired by the "magic" of his title, embarks on a better life. It is a flawed but powerful book. Nash makes his point about universal violence too well; but ideas underlie his melodrama, and his lowest and loftiest characters illustrate his mastery of dialogue.

James Walt

James Walt has written for *The Washington Post, The Washington Star*, the *Michigan Quarterly Review*, and other publications.

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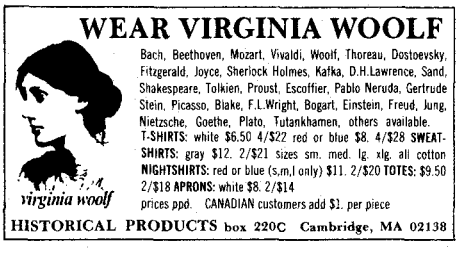
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Washington Diarist

Apologies

Reading that the publisher of one of the New York strike newspapers is a 25-year-old former *Times* summer intern named Frederick Iseman, I felt if as I had stepped into an Anthony Powell novel. It was just the sort of connection across the years that is the main literary device of Powell's *Dance to the Music of Time*. The last time I saw Freddy Iseman was 1971. The year before, when he was still in prep school somewhere, he often showed up for extended visits to one of my college roommates who was a friend of his. He was a fat and frenetic character who once, as I recall, went wild around our rooms with a can of red spray paint. Eventually he disappeared; someone said he'd gone to Yale. A year later, I was awakened in the middle of the night when my door flew open and the light came on. It was Freddy, somewhat under the weather. "Kinsley, I've decided," he shrieked. "I'm going to be Emperor, and you're going to be my apologist." That was a great line, which I've treasured through the years, but I never heard of Freddy again until he popped up in the news a few weeks ago. Now he is a Warhol-style 15-minute celebrity, thinner in the photos, denounced on page one of the *Village Voice* as a front man for the Australian evil genius, Rupert Murdoch. Fred stands accused of creating a non-union shell into which Murdoch can transplant his *New York Post*. I apologize for this.

Other acquaintances and friends from college days turn up regularly. Most have settled comfortably into the bourgeoisie by now. Sour predictions of this development were something of a specialty of mine during that period, when some believed their lives had been permanently transformed. For years I have savored the anticipation of a moment when I could confront some formerly radical friend as he emerged from his corporate law firm or investment bank and declare, "Aha! I told you so!" Several opportunities of this sort have since presented themselves, but the occasions have fallen oddly flat. The typical reaction is, "OK you told me so. So what?" Victims of fashionable delusions apparently do not award retroactive prizes to those who never succumbed. I felt the same kind of frustration last week when reading William Buckley's column attacking Irving Howe's critique of the new right in *TNR* earlier this month. Buckley objects to Howe's suggestion that people who voted for Nixon in 1972 should, in retrospect, feel ashamed. "One must assume that Irving Kristol did not know, when he voted for Nixon in November 1972, that Nixon was implicated in Watergate," Buckley writes. Well this is a matter of epistemology. When I voted for McGovern in 1972 I did not *know* that Nixon was implicated in Watergate, but I suspected he probably was. Suspicions like these were pooh-poohed at the time, but it is a little annoying to see them pooh-poohed in retrospect. Furthermore I *knew* in 1972 everything about Nixon's moral character that people like Buckley say they learned from Watergate. If those who were right, like Howe, want to treat themselves to an occasional "I told you so," those who were wrong, like Buckley, should take it with better grace.

Congressman Jack Kemp was on "Meet the Press" last Sunday, repeating for the umpteenth time the Republican accusation that in 1969 the Democratic Congress doubled the tax rate on capital gains. Four reporters, some billed as economic specialists, sat staring him in the face, but none troubled to point out that this is flatly untrue. The tax on most capital gains was *completely unaffected* by the 1969 Tax Reform Act. Taxpayers with capital gains of more than $50,000, with enough other income to place them in the 50-percent bracket, were forced to pay somewhat higher taxes on the *excess*. Taxpayers with a high ratio of capital gains to ordinary income were forced to pay a small "minimum tax." The *theoretical maximum* capital gains tax doubled from 25 percent to something approaching 50 percent (a rate many people pay on their earned income), but the circumstances that would produce such a tax are so complex that the IRS has never found anyone who's paid that much. As I write, the Republican "tax cut blitz" is taking off across the country by chartered airplane, spreading leaflets labeled "Republican Tax Cut 33%." Perhaps somewhere outside of Washington there is a reporter who has done enough homework to confront them with a few facts.

A strange ad appeared in *The Washington Post* a few days ago. Beneath an imperial-looking seal, it said: "The Embassy of the Dominican Republic in the United States of America Informs: That the so called conference entitled 'Doing Business With the New Dominican Government: Analysis and Opportunities' sponsored by Mr. Kirby Jones . . . is strictly a privately promoted commercial activity. The Government of the Dominican Republic disclaims any relationship to this conference and in no way may be considered sponsor thereof." Kirby Jones, you may recall, is the former McGovern henchman who gets American businessmen to pay him huge sums of money to introduce them to Fidel Castro. (See "The Cuban Hustle," *TNR*, Oct. 8, 1977.) Apparently he is trying to expand his operation, but without success. That will teach him to mess with democracies.

The most frightening aspect of everyday life, I've decided, is the recurring discovery that people around you are completely self-deluded. A woman who projects an image of fetching vulnerability will say something that reveals she sees herself as a tough broad. Or a fellow who brims over with nervous energy will announce quite sincerely that his philosophy is to relax and take life as it comes. Each individual case of a self-image at odds with reality is amusing, and helps to give life its rich texture. The terror comes from reflecting that there's no reason to suppose you yourself are immune from a disease that has stricken everybody around you. On the other hand, maybe it's better not to know. If I am not the oil minister of Abu Dhabi after all, I hope my friends will just keep quiet about it.

M.E.K.

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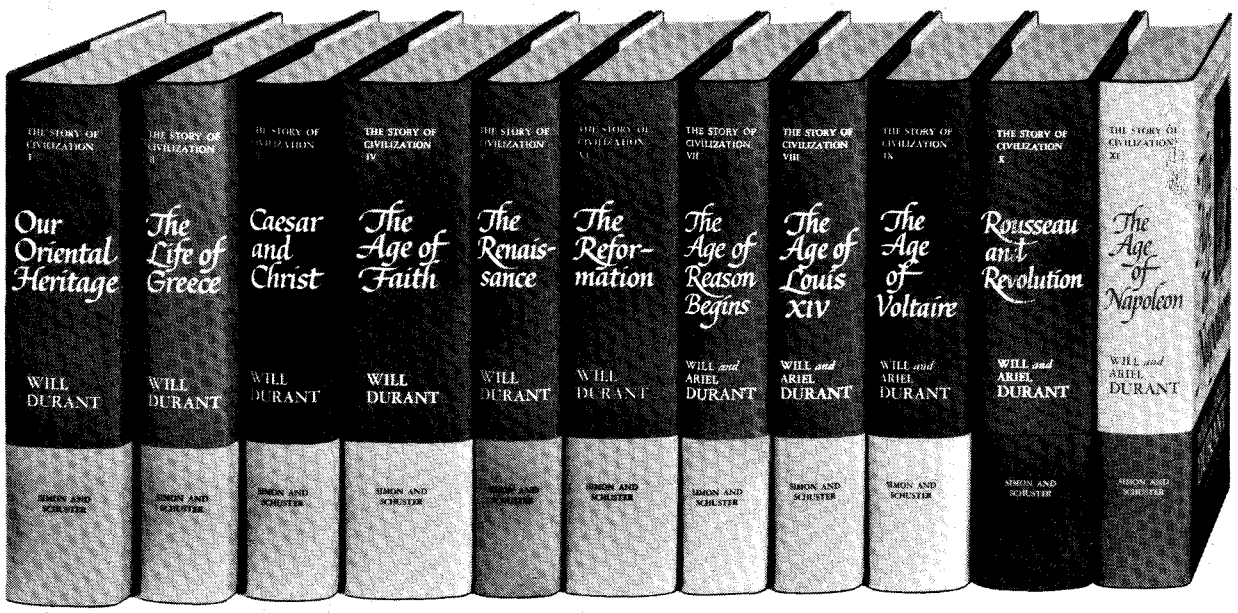

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